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Price 35 Cents

A ROYALTY PLAY

MOLLY BAWN

BY

MARIE DORAN

Fitzgerald Publishing Corporation
Successor to
Dick & Fitzgerald
New York

SOME NEW PLAYS

★**MOLLY BAWN. 35 cents.** A comedy drama in 4 acts, by MARIE DORAN. 7 male, 4 female characters (or by doubling, 5 male and 3 female). Time, about 2 hours. Based upon incidents from a story by "The Duchess." The story is woven about Eleanor Masserene (*Molly Bawn*), whose mother eloped with a young Irishman, which has so embittered her grandfather that he disinherited her. After many years of loneliness he sends for *Molly*. How the coquettish heiress wins the hard, old man, is worked out in the play sometimes in a comedy setting and again in strong dramatic tenseness. *$10.00 royalty per performance by amateurs.*

★**UNACQUAINTED WITH WORK; or, Married in Thirty Days. 25 cents.** A comedy in 5 acts, by O. E. YOUNG. 6 male, 6 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, 2 hours. *Charles Chester*, a young man of leisure, succeeds in running up several bills. At last his landlord, *Jacob Sharp*, threatens to imprison him unless his board bill is paid. His aunt's promise to help him out for the last time if he marries within thirty days forces him to propose to every girl he meets, which naturally gets him into more trouble. Through his effort to get out of the tangle many funny situations arise. Among the characters are a very funny chambermaid and her sweetheart, a darkey cook, a comical bellhop, a clever detective, etc.

★**WAIT AND SEE. 25 cents.** A comedy-drama in 3 acts, by HELEN C. CLIFFORD. 7 males, 7 females. 1 easy interior. Time, 1½ hours. At a week end party one of the guests endeavors to purloin an important document, compelling a girl over whom he believes he has control to assist him. While they are trying to open the safe they are discovered by the butler who proves to be an old trusted retainer of the girl's father. Although the man tries to fasten the guilt upon the butler and the girl, he is unsuccessful and a happy climax is reached. Among others it has an excellent soubrette role.

★**WIVES ON A STRIKE. 25 cents.** A comedy in 3 acts, by LILLIAN SUTTON PELÉE. 6 male, 7 or more female characters. Time, 3 hours. 3 interior scenes. Costumes varied. At a meeting of the Wives Welfare Club, it is decided to "go on Strike" and *Jane Spink* is to make the test case. The wives' grievances greatly amuse *Betty*, a bride of 30 days, who boasts of her husband's angelic qualities. Her first offence of having supper late causes such a row that *Betty* also decides to "go on strike." *Betty's* scheme to make her husband change his set ideas about woman's rights is the cause of all the mix-up. How the strike is won and the husbands taken back is cleverly depicted in the play. A parrot who swears at the right moment adds to the funny situations.

★**HIS SISTERS. 25 cents.** A farce in 1 act; by BEULAH KING. 1 male, and 8 female characters; or 9 female characters as the male may easily be impersonated by a female character. 1 interior. Time, 30 minutes. Three sisters, who adore their handsome older brother, secretly plot to have him marry their particular friends. How their plans are all upset and matters finally smoothed out is cleverly told in this play.

★**SUITED AT LAST. 25 cents.** A sketch in 1 act, by ELIZABETH URQUHART. 7 females and a discharged soldier. 1 interior. Time, about 40 minutes. *Dorothy*, a newly-wed wife, is in search of a cook; her mother, her chum, her Aunt Jane give much advice as to how she shall interview the various applicants, in fact, so much so, that *Dorothy* is utterly confused and finally engages just what her husband has advised from the beginning.

★**ENCORES AND EXTRAS. 35 cents.** A collection of short monologues suitable particularly for encores, but are available for any occasion to fill in for a few minutes; contains black-face, Hebrew, a fond mother, a rube monologue, etc.

★**GORGEOUS CECILE, The. 25 cents.** A comedy in 3 acts, by BEULAH KING. 4 male, 5 female characters. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. Max, the son of a wealthy widower, notwithstanding the schemes of his father and aunts, has remained obdurate to all of their matrimonial plans. Upon his return home for a visit, he finds, as usual, a girl whom it is hoped will subjugate him, but the hopes are frustrated, as it is "The Gorgeous Cecile" to whom he turns. The parts are all good and well contrasted, with sparkling dialogue and plenty of action.

MOLLY BAWN

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts

BY

MARIE DORAN

Based upon certain incidents of a story by Mrs. Hungerford ("*The Duchess*")

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Molly Bawn

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CHARACTERS

ELEANOR MASSERENE (*Molly Bawn*) } *Granddaughters*
MARCIA AMHERST } *of Sir William*
LADY CECIL STAFFORD.....*A friend of Sir William*
SARAH O'DONNELL.....*Maid at the Masserene home*
TEDCASTLE LUTTRELL..... ....*In love with Molly*
SIR WILLIAM AMHERST.....*Molly's grandfather*
CAPTAIN PHILIP SHADWELL.....*Marcia's cousin*
JOHN MASSERENE.....*Molly's stepbrother*
PLANTAGENET POTTS
ROBERT.....*Servant at Herst-Royal*
MR. BLAKE.....*Sir William's solicitor*

NOTE.—The following characters may double, if desired: LADY CECIL and SARAH O'DONNELL. SIR WILLIAM and JOHN MASSERENE. ROBERT and BLAKE.

TIME.—The present.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About two hours.

SCENES

ACT I.—Rosedale, MOLLY'S home in England. (Interior.)

ACT II—Herst-Royal, SIR WILLIAM'S estate nearby. (Interior.) Four days later.

ACT III.—Same as Act II. Three weeks later.

ACT IV.—Same as Acts II and III. One month later.

SYNOPSIS

The story, MOLLY BAWN, has always been popular, especially with women readers, and the fascination in the story is due to the delightful womanliness and vivacity of the charming heroine.

The author of this stage version prepared a play that has been highly successful on the professional stage; it has often been requested for use on the amateur stage, and to meet this demand, this edition has been issued, and, while talented semi-professionals will find it not difficult to produce, it remains in the exact form of the original drama.

The story is woven about ELEANOR MASSERENE, who, because of her sunny disposition, is nicknamed "MOLLY BAWN." She is an orphan, the daughter of an aristocratic mother who eloped with a young Irishman; the romance of this situation instead of appealing to her mother's father, so angered and embittered him, he cut off his daughter, and permitted her to die in poverty.

After many years of loneliness, this eccentric old aristocrat, SIR WILLIAM AMHERST, takes it into his head to send for his granddaughter, MOLLY, whom he has never seen. MOLLY, resenting the treatment her mother has received, declares she will not go to SIR WILLIAM'S home. However, persuaded by her stepbrother, JOHN MASSERENE, and SIR WILLIAM'S messengers, MARCIA and CAPTAIN SHADWELL, she agrees to go. This arrangement is not at all pleasing to MOLLY'S ardent admirer, TEDDY LUTTRELL, but wilful MOLLY, despite a burst of jealousy on the part of the faithful TEDDY, packs her trunk and departs for the home of her wealthy grandfather.

How the coquettish heroine wins the hard old man over to her sweet will, how she defeats her rival, MARCIA, in a plot against the life of SIR WILLIAM, incidentally driving her three admirers, TEDDY, CAPTAIN SHADWELL, and the ridiculous PLATAGENET POTTS, almost to despair, is worked out in the following scenes, sometimes in a comedy setting, and again in strong dramatic tenseness.

While MOLLY is a dominant rôle, the other characters are also important and woven closely into the story; the play thus affords an opportunity for individual successes, and pretty costumes may add to the interest and pleasure of every audience.

COSTUMES

MOLLY. ACT I, a pretty summer dress; garden hat. ACT II, same idea. ACT III, dinner dress, pretty, but simple. ACT IV, white, with black trimmings. (Mourning.) In ACTS III and IV MOLLY wears a ring on a chain about her neck.

MARCIA. ACT I, handsome outdoor costume; hat. ACT II, handsome house dress. ACT III, dinner dress. ACT IV, grey or violet. (Mourning.)

LADY CECIL. ACT II, handsome afternoon dress; hat. ACT III, dinner dress and hat.

SARAH. ACT I, house dress, apron. ACT IV, black, with white cap and apron.

LUTTRELL. ACT I, traveling costume. ACT II, business suit. ACT III, tuxedo. ACT IV, uniform, British infantry.

MASSERENE. ACT I, business suit.

POTTS. ACT II, fop—extreme. Same idea all through.

SIR WILLIAM. ACT II, plain, with handsome robe. ACT III, tuxedo.

BLAKE, business suit, dark.

ROBERT, livery.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

ACT I.—China closet containing plenty of dishes, coffee pot and tray in the upper portion; in the lower portion are medicine bottles marked in large letters, "LINIMENT," "POISON," "ARNICA," "GINGER," "WITCH HAZEL," "SULPHUR—DANGER," etc., also surgical bandages and rolls of cotton, a pin-cushion and several large spools of cotton, etc. Dark table cover in cupboard. Coffee-pot,

sugar bowl, cream pitcher, plates, knives and forks on table, with a loaf of bread, fruit and anything else desired.

Step-ladder or ladder chair. British newspapers. Small basket of (candied) strawberries, and a small bunch of wild flowers. Letters. Broom. Duster. Dust pan. Two crutches. Teacup (to be broken). Suitcase. Several pieces of clothing, shoes, slippers, etc., in the trunk.

ACT II.—Watch and a jewelry box containing an engagement ring for LUTTRELL. Heavy cane for SIR WILLIAM. Book and newspapers on table.

ACT III.—Book and newspapers. Poker hanging at side of fireplace. Three stamped and sealed letters for ROBERT. The screen used in ACT II. Small bell (to be rung off stage). Neck chain with ring attached for MOLLY.

ACT IV.—Visiting card. Legal papers, several sheets fastened together, with a seal (copy of the will) for MR. BLAKE. Letter. Ring on neck chain for MOLLY.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience: R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center; R. of C., right of center; L. of C., left of center; D. R., door at right; D. L., door at left; D. C., door at center; XES, crosses; XING, crossing. UP, toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

Molly Bawn

ACT I

SCENE.—*Combination sitting and dining-room in the* MASSERENE *home. Plain carpet or large rug on floor. Door in* C. *of rear flat. Door* L. *and door* R. *Window* L. *of* D. C.; *shade on window. Exterior backing at* D. C. *and window. Interior backing at* D. R. *Seat near window. China closet* R. *containing plenty of dishes in the upper portion; in the lower portion are bottles, bandages and medical supplies as called for.* UP L. *a covered trunk containing several pieces of clothing, shoes, slippers, etc. A medium sized dining table* DOWN C. *with chairs* R. *and* L. *of it. The table is covered with a white cloth and is set for a meal for two persons. Several letters and newspapers are also on table. DISCOVERED,* JOHN MASSERENE *at* L. *of table, about finishing his meal;* SARAH O'DONNELL *at china closet, placing some dishes in the closet.*

JOHN (*reading from letter*). Here is something that will interest you, Sarah.

SARAH (*turning to him*). Yis, sir, what is it?

JOHN (*reading*). "Tell Sarah I send her twenty-five kisses, and I cry for her every night—tell her to please send me a ginger cake. Your loving lonesome Lovat."

SARAH (XING *to back of table*). Bless his little heart!

JOHN (*laughing*). How is that for steadfast devotion?

SARAH. Twenty-five kisses, is it? (*Glancing at letter*)

JOHN (*showing letter*). There they are—X'es, clear

across the page! (*Laughing*) Sarah, I am afraid you have captured the heart of my only son—age, four years! (*Laughing*)

SARAH. There never was another like him! Faith, he says when he grows to be a big boy, he's goin' to marry me! (*Hearty laugh*) And how is he and the Missus? (*Arranging dishes on table*)

JOHN. Everybody is well and having a delightful time. They hint at remaining three weeks longer, so they must be enjoying themselves.

SARAH (R. *of table*). Three weeks is it? Sure it will do the Missus a wurruld o' good.

JOHN. But Lovat will cry his eyes out for his beloved Sarah. (*Laughing*)

SARAH (*with coffee-pot in hand*). Sure, I could cry meself, if it wasn't for shame—I miss him that much. (*About to refill* JOHN'S *cup*) Will ye have another cup of coffee, sir?

JOHN. Not any more, Sarah, thank you. Where is Molly?

SARAH. The divil only knows!

JOHN. She has missed her lunch.

SARAH. Ah, sure she's like the Irishman's flea—now you see her, now you don't. (*Clears the table, placing dishes, etc., on table, in the china closet. Removes the white table cover and replaces it with a dark cover which she takes from the china closet. Also replaces the newspapers on table*)

JOHN. Here is another letter—and this one will create considerable excitement—or I'm a bad prophet. (*Picking up letter from table*)

SARAH (*pausing, at* R. C.). Excitement is it! Save us an' bless us!

JOHN. Nothing alarming, Sarah, only we are threatened with company!

SARAH. Company is it? Arrah, who'd be afther wantin' to visit here?

JOHN. This letter is from Mr. Luttrell, Tedcastle George Luttrell.

SARAH. The young gintleman that was here last summer? Faith, I remember him! I'll bet me old shoes he hasn't forgotten Miss Molly! I never saw the loikes of her for teasin' the poor young man!

JOHN. Molly is an awful flirt, but I really thought she took a fancy to Ted.

SARAH (*at table*). Oh, sure she's that crazy for fun, she'd be afther makin' the ould boy himself believe she's takin' a fancy to him, just for the sake o' teasin' the loife out of him! She's a young divil if ever there was one—bless her swate heart! If she's a mind to torment Mr.—Mr.—what's his name?—she wouldn't stop for Saint Patrick.

JOHN (*rising*). Still, I do not want her to take Luttrell seriously. He is poor, so is Molly, and that kind of a start in life is not what I have pictured for my little Molly.

SARAH. She ought to be afther marryin' a king, or a prince, or a—a—a—one of thim creatures from Ameriky—what's this they're afther callin' thim?

JOHN. A millionaire? (*Laughing*, XING DOWN L. C.)

SARAH. The very thing—not that the loikes o' thim is good enough for Miss Molly—with her pretty face and her grand airs—but I suppose the money would make up for the hinderance that 'ud be afther goin' along wid it.

JOHN. If it wasn't for that miserly, vindictive old relative of hers, she might take her proper place in the world as the granddaughter of Sir William Amherst!

SARAH (*at china closet, pausing with dishes*). Lord save us an' bless us! how grand that would be!

JOHN (L. C.). But that's out of the question, along with the American millionaire—I am afraid we will have to allow Molly to work out her own destiny, poor little woman!

SARAH (GOING *to front of table*). Sure there's one thing she's crazy about—it's the theatre stage ——!

JOHN (*impatiently*). Yes, I know. She inherited her craving for acting from her father, who was an actor.

But I caution you particularly, Sarah, not to encourage her in this fantastic idea. No stage for Molly. (*Sits in chair* L. C. MOLLY *is heard singing off* L.)

SARAH. Whist—I'll remember. (*Turning to window*) Here comes the darlint. What'll she be afther sayin' to Mr.—Mr.—What's-his-name's letter? (XES DOWN *to back of table.* MOLLY *is heard off stage singing a line or two of the song "*Molly Bawn,*" or any other Irish song desired*)

ENTER MOLLY D. C., *carrying a small basket filled with strawberries and covered with some wild flowers.*

MOLLY. Well folksies, how is this? I've been away two whole hours and yet you fail to greet me with a brass band! You don't deserve that I should come back to you at all! (DOWN R. C.) Ungrateful people! (XES *to* JOHN, *lifting the flowers from basket and showing berries*) And see what I have brought you! (SARAH XES *to* R. *of table*) Just peek in—the very loveliest strawberries in Mrs. Rossmore's garden! and all for you, brother mine, because Mrs. Rossmore heard that our crop failed, and she knows as well as I do that life without strawberries is impossible! (*Eating a berry*) I see you have lunched without me. (*Glancing at table*) Greedy people! (XING *to* C.) I had my lunch at Mrs. Rossmore's—a cutlet and rolls, two glasses of milk, three peaches, a jelly roll and four cream puffs!

SARAH (DOWN R. C.). Bless me soul!

MOLLY. I'm full up to there. (*Measuring across her throat*) You need not prepare another meal in this house for a week—unless other people are hungry—which of course is probable. Old Mr. Rossmore drove me home in the pony cart, and he wanted to hold me hand—this hand—(*Showing her right hand*) only it was all strawberry juice—and I reminded him that he is sixty years old, and is now living off the fortune of his third wife—and that under no circumstances would I permit him to make love to me—because I've made up my mind to die an old maid!

SARAH. An ould maid! go long wid yez!

JOHN. You—I can see that ——

MOLLY. Never mind—you *will* see—now don't interrupt me again, because whenever I have any really exciting adventures to relate, I like to tell them and get it over. (*Sitting on table* C.) I suppose you never missed my charming society?

JOHN. I did miss you, but ——

MOLLY. But with no serious injury to your appetite?

SARAH. Will yez have a cup o' coffee, darlint?

MOLLY (*looking at* SARAH). Sarah, is that sarcasm, or do you really think I need it?

SARAH. Arrah, will yez say yes or no?

MOLLY. No, Sarah—I think I shall be able to survive until supper time. John—do you know what has happened? You'll never be able to guess, never. The Rossmores have bought a new carpet for the parlor, a new piano—that is, an old one, retuned! Think of it! But I can see that in order to do so, they have economized on the lace curtains—you know those ugly old curtains that have been hanging on the windows for the last seven years? Well, now Mrs. Rossmore turned them upside down, and ran a frill of lace across the bottom—but that didn't deceive *me*—because any one with half an eye can observe that the scroll pattern, which should match the same design on the opposite curtain, is now hanging flat against the wall, instead of matching the edge right down the centre! It looks awful! And besides ——

JOHN. My dear Molly ——

MOLLY. And I don't like their new carpet half as well as the old one—that dark blue ground, with a sort of would-be orientalism in the corners. Of course it *was* never in good taste, but now, what do you suppose they have done! Painted the woodwork in the parlor a sort of streakish, greenish, brownish sort of a reddish, and laid a carpet sprawled over with pink and yellow flowers that simply rise up and slap you in the face!

JOHN. Is there anything over at the Rossmores' that you *do* like?

MOLLY. Only—the strawberries—and cream puffs—they're delicious. (*Eating strawberry from basket*) And nature and the cook are responsible for them.

SARAH. Whist—whist—will yez whist!

MOLLY. Why should I whist? Anybody sick on the premises?

SARAH. Yez have too much gab for the size o' ye. (XES *to china closet, takes out tray with dishes*)

[EXIT D. R.

JOHN (*handing letter to* MOLLY). Here is a letter in which your ladyship may be interested.

MOLLY. Is it a bill? (*Taking letter*)

JOHN. It's from—Ted Luttrell!

MOLLY (*sharply*). What! (*Jumping down from table*) You don't mean Teddy ——?

JOHN (GOES R. *to back of table*). I do mean Teddy.

MOLLY. How mean of you not to say so when I first came in! (*To* L. C., *opening letter*) But I suppose you don't know that Teddy is desperately in love with me!

JOHN. You think everybody is. (*At* R. *of table, picking up newspaper*)

MOLLY. I'm sure they would never find any one nicer than I am!

JOHN. In your opinion! (*Sits* R. *of table*)

ENTER SARAH D. R., *carrying broom and dust-pan. Goes to china closet and leaves broom and pan near china closet.*

MOLLY. Bear! What does he say? Can't you tell me? It would save me the trouble of reading it—Teddy writes an atrociously bad hand. (*Reads letter*) What's this? Accept your kind invitation? Great grief! Did you invite him here? (SARAH GOES *to* R. C. *and listens*)

JOHN. I never dreamed he would be so inconsiderate as to accept the invitation!

MOLLY (GOES *to* L. *of table*). Of course he would accept it—you forget my attractiveness —— Oh, John, if your wife—if Letty were only here—she would pull all the hair out of your dear stupid head!

JOHN. I'm glad she's visiting in Liverpool!

MOLLY (*looking at letter*). Does the wretch say when he is coming?

JOHN. Yes. (*Rising, and retreating* UP *stage*) I—I—am afraid—now mind you, I didn't expect him to take this mean advantage of me—but I fear he is coming—to-day!

MOLLY (*shrilly*). To-day!

SARAH (*aghast*). Glory be to the saints! And look at the place—the wash in the tubs—the bread not baked—the dust on the stairs a foot deep—oh, cusha, cusha, what'll we do at all, at all! (*Excitedly rearranges furniture, putting it in greater disorder*)

MOLLY (*excitedly*). Sarah, Sarah! for heaven's sake, don't go crazy! What are you doing?

SARAH. What am I doin' is it? Tidyin' up a bit—do yez want him to be thinkin' we live like pigs! (*Snatches broom, and sweeps violently*)

JOHN. Great Scott, Sarah! see what a dust you're raising! (*Taking broom from* SARAH)

SARAH (*to* JOHN, *indignantly*). 'Tis a fine thing you're afther doin', Mr. Masserene!

MOLLY (*to* JOHN). You'll never be forgiven, never!

JOHN. I'm beastly sorry—but Ted should have more sense. (*Sweeping*) Suppose I telegraph him not to come?

MOLLY. Don't be a perfect donkey, John. He says here: (*Referring to letter*) "Will reach Rosedale at three P. M." It's nearly that now—and if he's not actually at the station, he is on the way—oh, what a dreadful brother you are! How delighted I shall be to see Ted! and how overjoyed he will be to see me! The dear curly-headed darling!

SARAH. Curly-headed darlin'—an' there's not a slice of fresh bread in the house!

MOLLY (GOES *back of table*). Oh, we can manage without bread, if only the lace curtains were on the window! (*Indicating window* UP C. *Drops letter*)

JOHN (*placing broom against closet* R.). I'm sure

Ted would rather have bread than lace curtains. (XES *to front of table, takes paper and sits in chair* L. C.) Lace curtains are dry eating. (*Reads paper*)

MOLLY (DOWN L. C.). Now that you've done all the mischief you can, you bury yourself behind a newspaper!

JOHN (*does not heed her*). Oh! I'd like to be the public executioner—I'd hang every man in London—except Ted.

SARAH (DOWN R. C.). What's to be did? (XES *to* C. *excitedly*)

MOLLY. Oh, nothing, Sarah—anything—don't ask me! (SARAH *takes broom and again starts sweeping*)

JOHN. Here is an account of a terrible accident!

MOLLY. Sarah, go fetch the curtains!

SARAH. Oh, murther! (*Dropping broom, turning to* D. R.) Me heart's palpitatin' clear through me bosom!

[EXIT *quickly* D. R.

JOHN (*reading newspaper*). This is frightful! A railroad accident ——

MOLLY (*rearranging furniture, etc.*). I cannot understand why men were ever created so unfeeling! As if women had nothing to do except think of them —— (*Picking up broom at* R. C. *and trailing it across to* C.) Whenever *I* go to visit any one, I simply walk in without notifying them in advance—so they cannot possibly be inconvenienced. (*Tossing the broom toward* JOHN, *narrowly missing him*)

JOHN. Will you listen to this? There has been a fearful railroad accident ——

MOLLY (*not heeding* JOHN, GOES D. R.). Sarah—Sarah—are you going to be all day getting those curtains? I suppose Ted will be hungry—men are always hungry. (GOING *to cupboard, taking white cover and replacing it on table* C.) Women don't require half as much food as men ——

JOHN. Oh, Molly, this is awful harrowing ——

MOLLY (*not heeding* JOHN). If he had only written two weeks ago —— (*Calling*) Sarah—but that's just like Ted—I hope he'll bring me something from Lon-

don—Sarah —— (GOES *quickly to* L. *and picks up broom*) A bracelet, or a book, or —— (RUNNING *rapidly to* D. R., *calling*) Sarah—for the love of the people! What is keeping you! (*Sweeping near* D. R.)

JOHN (*reading from paper*). "Fifteen killed"—fifteen! Isn't that frightful!

MOLLY. If Letty were only here, she would know exactly what to do. She'd close the windows, draw the shades, lock the doors, and hang a sign on the garden gate—"Smallpox within!" "Beware the dog!" (*Calling*) Sarah ——

SARAH (*off* R.). Oh, whist! whist! I'm comin' as fast as ever me two legs will carry me ——

ENTER SARAH D. R. *with lace curtains, and dragging a small step-ladder.*

SARAH. I'm half kilt entirely with the news —— (*Drops curtains near* D. R. *and continues to window, where she places the steps, and mounts them*)

MOLLY. Don't you think we ought to send some one to meet him?

SARAH. Who's there to go but me, an' I wouldn't go to meet me grandmother's ghost—I'm afther warnin' yez—there's nothin' to eat but pickled mangoes!

MOLLY (*picks up a curtain and hands it to* SARAH *on ladder*). I'm sure Ted loves pickled mangoes—and he may have a strawberry—and—and—a radish.

SARAH (*in disgust*). That's a foine dinner!

JOHN (*sharply*). Great heavens!

SARAH (*startled*). Glory be! (*She drops the curtain*)

JOHN. This is heartrending!

MOLLY (DOWN L. C., *trailing curtain*). Oh, John! how you frightened me! Is it an earthquake, or what are you talking about!

SARAH. Is it anythin' catchin'? (*Sitting on step-ladder*)

MOLLY (XES *to* SARAH). Sarah, he'll be here before

you get those curtains half up! (*Handing* SARAH *a curtain which she takes and hangs at window*)

JOHN. Listen to this ——

MOLLY (*busy with the other curtain* UP R.). Yes, John, I'm listening.

JOHN (*reading from paper*). Another railroad accident and twenty men killed ——

MOLLY (*to* SARAH). Don't hang it so short, Sarah ——

JOHN (*reading*). No, not twenty—twelve men ——

MOLLY (*drops curtain* R. *and* GOES *to china closet* R.). And I don't believe there is a whole teacup in the house. (*Taking out a cup, she drops and breaks it*)

SARAH. Bad luck to us! The last one with a handle!

JOHN. Molly, do you hear? twelve men killed ——

MOLLY. I'll let him drink out of my cup. (*With broom sweeping up fragments of cup*) What did you say, John? twelve or twenty? Dreadful! Don't forget to tell Ted he must not smoke in the house. (*Sweeps vigorously*)

SARAH (*surveying curtain*). Is it straight?

MOLLY. No, it isn't. (*Dropping broom* R. C., *running to* SARAH) Draw it more this way. (*Bus. at curtains*)

JOHN (*in disgust*). I don't believe they would care if everybody in England was killed!

MOLLY. When did he say he would arrive? (*Picking up letter from floor, and advancing* DOWN C.)

JOHN (*reading paper*). I can't make out whether it's twelve or twenty ——

MOLLY. John! I don't believe you're listening to a word I say! (*Drops letter on the floor, and again resumes sweeping*) If he doesn't get here by three o'clock, he can't come until four, and if he doesn't come by four, he can't come until five ——

SARAH. Bad cess to him! Hand me the other curtain, darlint.

MOLLY (*drops broom and hands* SARAH *the second curtain*). Now do try and get this one straight, Sarah. Mr. Luttrell is very critical.

JOHN (*rising, excitedly*). Great Jupiter! Suppose he should be on this wrecked train!

MOLLY. What wrecked train, John? (*Picks up broom and* XES *to front of table.* SARAH *pauses, leaving curtain on top step of ladder*)

JOHN (*advancing; points to newspaper which he thrusts before* MOLLY). Do you see that! (*Loud tone*) A railroad accident! With heavy loss of life!

MOLLY. John! (*Dropping broom, taking paper*) Why didn't you say so!

SARAH. Glory be to heaven! who's hurted! (GOING *down from steps and advancing* DOWN C.)

MOLLY. Perhaps Teddy is! Oh, John! how can you be so cruel! Look at the list of injured! I can't—I simply can't. (*Thrusting paper into* JOHN'S *hands*) Look among the L's—L-u-t-t-r-e-l-l —— (*To* SARAH) Oh, Sarah—it's a dreadful accident—hundreds of people killed, and thousands injured, and perhaps Teddy's one of them, and he can't come at all!

SARAH (*in disgust*). Oh, faith, he'd come, if he was dead!

MOLLY. You hard-hearted Sarah! There isn't a human soul under this roof who has a spark of sympathy—only me—John, don't you see that I'm nearly frantic—is Teddy ——

JOHN. No—his name is not here. (*In disgust*) Lucky dog!

MOLLY. Suppose they've forgotten to put his name in the paper —— I am sure something has happened to Teddy. But he shall have the best of care—go, Sarah, go prepare my room for the invalid!

SARAH. Faith, 'tis mad yez are—your room is it, for the scamp!

JOHN. Molly, don't be so hasty ——

MOLLY. Hasty—think of poor Teddy, I know he's—he's—don't ask me to say it. (*Turning* R.)

SARAH. Sure if he's kilt at all, wouldn't he be afther sendin' yez a tiligram?

MOLLY. We must be prepared for the worst! Go,

Sarah, draw the shades in my room, and place fresh flowers on the table, and they can carry him in there, poor, poor Teddy!

SARAH (XING *to* D. R., *in disgust*). The divil take him for makin' so much trouble. Sure it's bad luck to be havin' a half-dead creature crossin' the threshold.

MOLLY. If he's dead, it's not his fault ——

SARAH. And if he's alive, he'll be afther askin' for a good dinner o' corn beef and cabbage!

[EXIT D. R. *wrathfully.*

JOHN. Now see here, Molly ——

MOLLY. Sit down and read your horrid newspaper. (JOHN *retreats to* L. C., MOLLY *follows him*) I'm running this house—you are only here to pay the bills. Ted shall not be neglected, although *some people* (*Glaring at* JOHN)—abandon him in his agony. (XES *to closet rapidly*)

JOHN. I wish I'd kept my mouth shut.

MOLLY. Fortunately, I have studied "First Aid to the Injured." (*Bringing from lower section of closet two very large bottles labeled Arnica and Camphor*) And I know how to make a really comfortable bandage. (*Placing bottles on table* C. *Returning to cupboard, she brings forth a large roll of bandages*) Letty is so thoughtful—she is always prepared—John, why don't you make yourself useful?

JOHN (*rising quickly*). How so?

MOLLY (*at table* C.). Get me the court plaster—it's in that cupboard somewhere. (JOHN XES *quickly to closet* R. *and ransacks it for articles* MOLLY *enumerates*) And some belladonna —— And some needles ——

JOHN (*pausing, astonished*). What!

MOLLY. And cotton—in case he should have to be sewed up—poor Teddy! (JOHN *brings to the table large bottle, marked Sulphur, a pin-cushion, and several large spools of cotton*) I hope that is enough arnica and camphor. (*Looking at large bottles*) And you might fetch the witch hazel, and carbolic acid, and some chloroform ——

JOHN. Chloroform ——

MOLLY. For heaven's sake, John, don't question my instructions! (*Unbinding bandages, as* JOHN *brings forward the articles named*) I hope I haven't forgotten anything.

JOHN (*sarcastically*). Don't you want a butcher knife, and a saw, and a hatchet?

MOLLY. John Masserene, this is no joke!

JOHN (*sits* R. *of table*). I should say not, and Ted won't think so either.

MOLLY. How I shall enjoy nursing poor dear Ted back to life —— Oh! I *have* forgotten something! (XING *rapidly to* D. R.) He may have two or three broken legs! I know just what to do for him! [EXIT *quickly* D. R.

JOHN. Whew! (*Laughing, surveying table*) I'm sorry for Ted! If he survives this treatment, he's a wonder! (LUTTRELL *is heard whistling outside* D. C.)

ENTER TEDCASTLE LUTTRELL D. C., *whistling. He carries a traveling bag.*

LUTTRELL. By George! Hello, Masserene! (JOHN *stares at him in astonishment*) Don't you know me! (*Advancing*) I'm devilish glad to see you! I should say I am. (*Shaking* JOHN'S *hand vigorously*) I should say so—seems like old times—doesn't it—I should say so ——

JOHN. Luttrell! You old humbug—you know I didn't expect to see you—like this—when did you get in—have a pleasant trip?

LUTTRELL. Splendid—splendid. How are you, John, and the wife, and Lovat—everybody well?

JOHN. Everybody disgustingly healthy.

LUTTRELL. I'm glad to hear it. (XING *to* L. C., *glancing at bottles on table*) Cleaning house? I'm afraid I took you rather by surprise?

JOHN. No, indeed—we have been expecting you for a week ——

LUTTRELL. How's that? I only made up my mind to come yesterday.

JOHN. I know, but I—I anticipated that you would make up your mind—so we—we are fully prepared!

LUTTRELL. Awfully good of you. You know who I'm anxious to see—Molly—where is she, the witch! (*Sound of some one approaching on crutches is heard off* D. R.)

JOHN. Listen!

LUTTRELL. What the mischief's that!

ENTER MOLLY D. R. *on crutches.* LUTTRELL *and* JOHN *regard her in surprise as she advances, not at once observing* LUTTRELL.

MOLLY (GOES DOWN R. C.). How fortunate that I sprained my ankle last winter, or I should never have had these crutches —— (*Sees* LUTTRELL *as she advances* DOWN R. C.) Teddy!

LUTTRELL. Molly! My dearest Molly—when did this happen ——

MOLLY. What?

LUTTRELL. This—that—you—my poor little suffering Molly. (*Advances to* MOLLY)

MOLLY (*bursts into a hearty laugh and drops the crutches*). They're for you, Teddy, and you're alive and well!

LUTTRELL (*puzzled*). Yes, I hope so.

MOLLY. No broken limbs? (*Advancing*)

LUTTRELL (*puzzled*). No.

MOLLY. No mutilated ribs?

LUTTRELL. Not one—that I know of.

MOLLY. No lacerated organs?

LUTTRELL. Only my heart, and you know who's responsible for that!

MOLLY. I suppose I should be delighted. (*Advancing and extending both hands*) But I'm not—we expected to see you arrive in pieces!

LUTTRELL. What!

JOHN. Molly had fully made up her mind that you were a victim in the wreck.

LUTTRELL. I see. (*Laughing*) I was not on that train! Fortunate, wasn't it?

MOLLY. I suppose so—but I am disappointed. Look there. (*Indicating bottles, etc., on table*) All for you—so were the crutches!

LUTTRELL. It's a pity I'm so sound and solid ——

MOLLY. I'm a capital nurse. I can make the most obstinate patient do just what I say.

LUTTRELL. You do that anyway, without a fellow being stretched helplessly on his back—speaking for myself, I mean.

MOLLY. Teddy, are you hungry?

LUTTRELL. Only for a sight of you!

MOLLY. John, tell Sarah that Mr. Luttrell has arrived and would like his supper.

JOHN (*turning up* D. R.). Don't let her make a fool of you, Ted—that's her game, you know.

MOLLY. John! (JOHN *laughs and* EXITS D. R.) Teddy, do you like mangoes?

LUTTRELL. I don't know ——

MOLLY. And radishes ——

LUTTRELL. Well, I ——

MOLLY. And strawberries? (*Extending the basket to him*)

LUTTRELL. No, thank you.

MOLLY. Sit down, Teddy.

LUTTRELL. Aren't you going to kiss me, Molly?

MOLLY. What did I tell you last summer?

LUTTRELL. I don't know, but I remember that I told you that I loved and worshipped and adored you.

MOLLY. Yes you did, and shocked the whole neighborhood by acting like a spoony lunatic! (*Laughing, picking up crutch* R., *puts it behind cupboard* R.)

LUTTRELL. What do I care for the neighbors? All I care to know is—how do I stand now?

MOLLY. Do you know what John says? He says that when people without money marry other people without money, it's insanity!

LUTTRELL (*impatiently*). He doesn't know what he's talking about. The real question is, can you be happy with me, even though we are both poor?

MOLLY. Teddy! don't be in such a desperate hurry! Why, you've been here only five minutes! Wait until you get your breath, and your supper—you may change your mind. (R. C.)

LUTTRELL (XING *to her*). I shall never change my mind—never—do you hear, never! I am going to marry you or —— (*Starts to embrace* MOLLY. *She ducks under his arm*)

MOLLY (XES *to table*). Help me put these bottles away. (*Picking up several bottles from table, she loads them into* LUTTRELL'S *arms*) You forget all about grandpapa, don't you?

LUTTRELL. No, I don't—I was very forcibly reminded of him yesterday. (XES *to cupboard, carelessly depositing bottles on the closet shelf*)

MOLLY (*at table* C.). How so?

LUTTRELL (*to* R. C.). By meeting Captain Shadwell—he is staying here in the neighborhood. That's why I came down here—I am not anxious to have Shadwell meet you!

MOLLY. Meet me! (*Laughing*) How exactly foolish you are, Ted—Captain Shadwell doesn't know I am in existence. (*Winding up the bandage as before, at* R. *side of table*)

LUTTRELL (R. C.). Oh, yes, he does. (XING *to her*) He knows very well that he has a cousin, Molly Masserene, and if he meets you—I'm not taking any chances of losing you. (*Placing an arm about her*)

MOLLY. Now don't hug me, Teddy, please don't—not yet. Let's save it all for the end.

LUTTRELL. All right. (*Turning aside*) Of course you know Shadwell is engaged to your cousin, Marcia Amherst?

MOLLY. I don't know anything about their affairs. (XES *to cupboard with a bottle and bandage*)

LUTTRELL. It's in the newspapers. (XING *to* L. C.)

MOLLY. What does it matter to us? Grandfather is going to give all his money to Marcia and Captain Shadwell. You know I am disinherited ——

LUTTRELL. Poor, dear, sweet little Molly ——

MOLLY (*back of table*). Don't pity me. (*Earnestly*) I do not want to hear even his name spoken, when I recall how hard and cruel he was to my mother ——

LUTTRELL (*advancing to* L. *of table*). I never quite got the straight of the story from John. (*Sitting on* L. *edge of table*)

MOLLY (*sits on* R. *of table*). Let me tell you. When John Masserene was seven years old, his mother died; when he was seventeen, his father had the imprudence to run away with the only daughter of a rich man. She was my mother, Eleanor Amherst, of Herst-Royal. My father was eighteen years her senior, with no money, and nothing to recommend him but a handsome face, and a big Irish heart that never grew old. Sir William never forgave the elopement—not even when mother lay in her grave, after four years of married life. In two years more, my dear father followed her, leaving me to the care of my stepbrother, John. He has been father, mother, all the world to me, and together with Letty, his wife, and his darling little son, Lovat, we have been a very happy family.

LUTTRELL. An ideal existence, and I know how very dear to John the precious circle is. But still—in justice to all—you are now a young lady, and it seems only fair that Sir William should bury his vindictiveness, and grant you a share of his position and wealth—you are the only child of his only daughter—perhaps an appeal to him now—would not be in vain.

MOLLY. It is very good of you to suggest it, Teddy, but I am afraid grandfather is hopelessly embittered. When I was tiny and forlorn, John wrote him several times—he treated us with silence. We must preserve our dignity. Faith, I'm Irish, you know, so we people, with the same blood in our veins, remain as far apart as though oceans rolled between us.

LUTTRELL (*rising*). It's a shame, these family differences—I am very well acquainted at Herst-Royal, you know ——

MOLLY (*rising*). But you have never heard Sir William inquire for me? (LUTTRELL *turns aside a step to* L. MOLLY *advances a step*) Have you, Teddy?

LUTTRELL. I am sorry to admit it—grumpy old rascal. But I know if he could see you, he couldn't resist you!

MOLLY. That's only your flattering opinion, because you are foolish about me. (*Laughing*) But the gossip of the country folk is that my cousin Marcia is to be his heiress.

LUTTRELL. I fear so—and what heaps of money there is!

MOLLY. I really would like to have some of it—to repay John for all I have cost him, and besides, Teddy —— (*Advancing*)

LUTTRELL. Yes, darling. (*Taking her hand*)

MOLLY. John is greatly worried about money matters, his business failed last year, and his health is most uncertain. Oh, Teddy, Teddy, why aren't you rich, so I could marry you? (*Leaning her head against his shoulder, half tearfully, and half humorously*)

LUTTRELL (*embracing her*). You can, dearest Molly, my being poor is no obstacle.

MOLLY. Oh, but it is—it is *the* obstacle. (*Drawing away*) It is my duty to think of some way in which I can help John, and faith if I married you, he might have both of us on his hands! (*Laughing*)

LUTTRELL. Never, I swear! I could earn enough to keep you.

MOLLY. I eat an awful lot, and I love pretty dresses.

LUTTRELL. You don't mean to say that you are going to chuck me over for the sake of some scoundrel with money? (*Regarding her with indignation*)

MOLLY. I did not say that I would "chuck" you at all—neither will I place my hand in yours and say—"For better or worse!" No—no—no—no! (*Whirling*

away from him, laughing) I am sure I could make great mountains of money by going on the stage.

LUTTRELL. The stage! Monstrous! You would forget all about me!

MOLLY. I might. (*Turning* UP *to ladder and mounting the steps*) Who knows? If I made a great success in London, I might marry an emperor—or a prince! Sarah says that even a king is not half good enough for me! (*Taking curtain to arrange it at window*)

LUTTRELL (DOWN L. C., *impatiently*). Sarah! Bah!

MOLLY. You better not let Sarah hear you say that! (*Rap is heard at* D. C.) Who's there? (*Rap is repeated*) Come in.

ENTER D. C. CAPTAIN PHILIP SHADWELL, *followed by* MARCIA AMHERST.

SHADWELL. I beg your pardon ——

MOLLY. What for?

SHADWELL. Well, I —— (*A laugh of embarrassment*)

MOLLY (*leaning on ladder, looking at him*). Were you looking for some one?

SHADWELL. Yes.

MOLLY. Who?

SHADWELL. Miss Eleanor Masserene.

MOLLY. That's my name; what's yours?

SHADWELL. Captain Shadwell.

MOLLY (*in amazement*). What—are you —— (*Light laugh*) Faith, I don't believe it!

SHADWELL. It's true. This is Mr. Luttrell.

MOLLY. I've been introduced to him.

SHADWELL. He will vouch for my identity. (*Advancing* DOWN R. C.)

LUTTRELL (*frigidly*). How do you do. Yes, this is Captain Shadwell. (*Turning aside to* L.)

SHADWELL (*to* MOLLY). I am your cousin, and this lady is also your cousin—Miss Marcia Amherst.

MARCIA. I hope we are not seriously interfering with your housework. (*Advancing haughtily* DOWN R. C.)

MOLLY. Faith you're not. Sit down, Captain Shadbrook.

SHADWELL. Shad*well.*

MOLLY (*laughing*). Oh, I beg your pardon. Sit down, Miss Amherst—Teddy, you sit down too—and I'll sit down—we'll all sit down. (MOLLY *sits on top step of ladder.* LUTTRELL, *with a show of impatience, sits* L. C., *facing front.* MARCIA *and* SHADWELL *sit* R. C. *facing* MOLLY)

MARCIA (*icily*). I am sorry we have put you to the trouble of receiving us.

MOLLY. My brother John, who is the head of the family, is in the kitchen, my sister-in-law is in Liverpool on a visit—but if there is anything I can do for you, speak out!

SHADWELL. Our errand concerns you, Miss Masserene—we have a message from your grandfather—Sir William Amherst.

LUTTRELL (*jumping up*). What!

MOLLY. Teddy—sit down and don't explode!

ENTER JOHN D. R.

MOLLY. Here is my brother—John, this is Miss Amherst and Captain Shadwell. (JOHN *bows,* MARCIA *bows, and* SHADWELL *rises, bowing with extreme frigidity*) Captain Shadwell has a message from Herst-Royal.

SHADWELL (*to* MOLLY). At the request of your grandfather, Sir William, I came to invite you to Herst-Royal.

MOLLY (*in amazement*). What ——

LUTTRELL (*quickly, advancing to* MOLLY). Be careful, Molly, you'll fall!

MOLLY. To invite me ——

MARCIA. To Herst-Royal!

MOLLY. Oh, Teddy! (LUTTRELL *catches her as she jumps down from ladder*)

JOHN (C. *above table*). I can't believe it!

MARCIA (*rises*). It is quite true! (XES *to* SHADWELL)

MOLLY (*quickly* DOWN L. *and* C.). Really and truly true?

MARCIA. Grandfather is eager to see dear Eleanor, and begs that she will accept his invitation; you are to come on the twenty-seventh of this month.

MOLLY. John—oh, John—what do you say?

JOHN (*with indignation*). Not one word about all the neglect that has been showered upon you for eighteen years—not one word about your mother, who went to her grave even without the knowledge of her unforgiving father—not a word of sympathy or regret for the silent contempt —— (*To* MARCIA *and* SHADWELL) He has neither watched her, nor provided for her, nor loved her, but now that she has come to perfection he wants to claim her! Molly, what do you say?

MOLLY. I will not go, not one step! What is he to me, that stern old man, who, for years, has refused to acknowledge me—while you, my darling brother—you are my all! (GOING *to* JOHN. *To* SHADWELL) You may tell Sir William his invitation comes too late!

LUTTRELL (UP L.). Bully for you, Molly!

SHADWELL (DOWN R. C.). One moment, I hope Mr. Luttrell, and you, Mr. Masserene, I hope that you will not encourage Miss Masserene's refusal. True, it is tardy reparation, but you must remember that Sir William was deeply hurt by the action of his daughter—this lady's mother. (*Indicating* MOLLY) Besides, she never really sued for pardon.

MARCIA. Sir William says she was very independent. (DOWN R.)

MOLLY. Faith, why shouldn't she be? My father was an Irish gentleman, a man with a warm heart and a clear conscience—which is more than I can say for grandfather.

JOHN. Don't be disrespectful, Molly dear—however unjustly Sir William has behaved, we must remember that he is an old man.

SHADWELL. He is now past seventy years of age, and time has somewhat softened his resentment. He has not many more years to live and ——

MOLLY. True—I'm sorry I blamed him—what answer shall we send?

LUTTRELL (DOWN L., *quickly*). Molly, you must not go!

MOLLY (*turning to* LUTTRELL). Must not?

LUTTRELL. No, Molly, I cannot let you go ——

JOHN. One moment, Ted, since this has become a family affair—are we to understand that you have a prior claim to Molly?

LUTTRELL. I hope so, with all my heart!

MOLLY (*impatiently*). No, Teddy, no! How can you be so conceited!

JOHN. You must decide for yourself, Molly. It is an important crisis in your life—I want you to choose.

MOLLY. Oh dear, don't talk as though I were to be carried out and buried alive! (*Tearfully hiding her face on* JOHN'S *shoulder*)

SHADWELL. Will you permit me a word? Sir William confidently expects Miss Eleanor to accept his invitation; personally I do not hesitate to say that I believe it will be greatly to her advantage; he is very rich, he may intend to leave her a legacy.

JOHN. It would be only just that he should do so.

MOLLY (*to* JOHN). And then I could repay you—I owe you so much ——

MARCIA. Shall we inform Sir William that you will come?

MOLLY. It is hard to say, Miss Amherst.

MARCIA. I am your cousin; you must call me Marcia.

MOLLY. And you must call me Molly—everybody calls me Molly Bawn.

MARCIA. And you will accept the invitation?

MOLLY. I—(*Looking at* JOHN. JOHN *nods "yes" and* XES *to* D. R.) I will accept. (LUTTRELL, *who has been watching her, turns aside* L. *with a sigh*)

SHADWELL. I congratulate you, Miss Eleanor—(*Extending his hand*) I predict a glorious future for you.

MOLLY. Thank you, Captain—I shall do my best to please grandfather.

SHADWELL. That's a brave little woman—Herst-Royal is a beautiful place, and I believe you will be very happy there. (*Turning* UP *to* D. R. *with* JOHN)

MARCIA. You are to come on the twenty-seventh, remember, and bring your maid.

MOLLY. My maid! Teddy, what do you think of that? (LUTTRELL *does not heed her*) I don't think I have one, unless it's Sarah! (*Laughing*)

MARCIA. Then bring Sarah, and be there in four days. (*Turning* UP R.)

MOLLY. Four days! Oh! however shall I be ready! (DOWN R. C.)

SHADWELL (UP R.). Come, Marcia. (*To* MOLLY) I think Sir William will be delighted at the success of our errand. (*Bowing to* MOLLY)

JOHN. I will direct you to the station! [EXIT C. D.

SHADWELL. Thank you. Good-bye—cousin ——

MARCIA. Good-bye ——

MOLLY. Good-bye —— (UP D. C.)

[EXIT MARCIA *and* SHADWELL D. C.

LUTTRELL (*turning to* MOLLY). And what of me?

MOLLY. Oh, Teddy, you can help me pack my trunk! Here it is! (XES *to* L., *throwing the cover off the trunk*)

LUTTRELL. What! Molly, you are heartless! (XING *to* C.)

MOLLY. Oh, Teddy, do be nice! I will ask grandfather the very first day to invite you to Herst-Royal, because I must have some one to amuse me! (*Drawing the trunk forward and raising lid*)

LUTTRELL. Amuse you! (*Wrathfully*) Just as though I was a hobby horse, or a jumping monkey!

MOLLY. You're not a bit like a jumping monkey, Teddy, but you are so unreasonable! (*Throwing articles out of trunk, including several pairs of shoes and slippers, which she tosses recklessly about*) You ought to

be thankful that I am going to enjoy myself, and get acquainted with my aristocratic relatives!

LUTTRELL (*seated* R. C., *picks up one of her shoes that has fallen nearby*). Yes, and have them spoil you—even more than Sarah spoils you. You'll forget all about me, and start a howling flirtation with Shadwell!

MOLLY. "Howling flirtation!" Teddy Luttrell! If you cannot trust me more than that, you are not worthy of me. Where is my shoe? (XING *to him*) You really don't deserve to be allowed to look at me. (*Taking shoe from him*) And you must promise not to forget your Molly Bawn. (*Arranges articles in trunk*)

NOTE.—While MOLLY is arranging the articles in the trunk she may sing any appropriate song.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Four days later at Herst-Royal, the estate of* SIR WILLIAM AMHERST. *A handsome interior. Rugs or a large carpet on floor. Window* C. *at back, extending to floor, with a balustrade outside. Doors at* R. *and* L. *Mantel and fireplace with fire at* R.; *arm-chair in front of it. Small table* C.; *in front of it a divan with a low back. Book and British newspapers on table. Piano and stool down* L. *Portières on window and doors. Folding screen* UP L. *Tête-à-tête* R. C. *Bell-cord* DOWN R. *Portrait on* R. *wall. Ornaments on mantel and any other furniture desired to give the appearance of a handsome interior. DISCOVERED* SIR WILLIAM *seated in arm-chair in front of fireplace, and* SHADWELL *seated* C. *reading newspaper.*

SIR WM. (*draws dressing-gown about him, while he nervously taps floor with his cane. Glances at* SHADWELL, *then speaks in an irritated tone*). You are a very entertaining companion. Are you going to bury yourself in the newspaper all day?

SHADWELL (*looking up*). I beg your pardon, Sir William, I thought you preferred silence. (*Leaving paper on divan and rising*)

SIR WM. You thought! I suppose you find my society less amusing than the gossip of that scandalous sheet.

SHADWELL (*advancing*). On the contrary, I am willing to discuss any topic you care to suggest.

SIR WM. H'm—how very agreeable you wish to appear. Ring that bell, if you please. (*Indicates bell-cord on flat* DOWN R., *to which* SHADWELL XES *and rings*) When did you arrive?

SHADWELL. Last evening about eight o'clock—you had retired. (*At lower end of fireplace, facing* SIR WILLIAM)

SIR WM. What do you think of that young person to whom I sent you?

SHADWELL. You mean Miss Masserene?

SIR WM. (*testily*). Yes, I mean Miss Masserene.

SHADWELL. I was altogether charmed with her, as I am sure you will be when you see her.

SIR WM. (*crustily*). Do not take the liberty of deciding for me. I form my own opinions. I am not likely to be "charmed" with the coquetries of a silly, simpering girl.

SHADWELL. You will find Miss Masserene far from simpering—she is wholesome, sensible, delightful!

SIR WM. (*looking at him in surprise*). So! Are you engaged to marry Marcia?

SHADWELL (*strolling toward* C.). Oh, yes, I suppose we are engaged.

SIR WM. Then I advise you to express less admiration for my granddaughter, or Marcia is capable of making your existence exceedingly unpleasant.

ENTER D. R. ROBERT.

ROBERT. Did you ring, Sir William?

SIR WM. Tell Miss Amherst I wish to see her here at once.

ROBERT. Yes, Sir William. [EXIT D. R.

SHADWELL. I hope you approve of me ——

SIR WM. As a husband for Marcia, h'm—perhaps—as regards Eleanor Masserene—we shall see.

SHADWELL. I am inclined to believe that she already has a devoted admirer in Tedcastle Luttrell. (*To* L. C.)

SIR WM. (*sharply*). Luttrell! Eh? Possibly she thinks him good looking, fascinating and all that nonsense. Does she know that he is guilty of a crime?

SHADWELL (*in surprise*). A crime? Indeed?

SIR WM. He is poor—miserably poor! I detest poor people, as I hate rats and vermin!

SHADWELL. I thought you rather liked Luttrell?

SIR WM. He is a good-natured young idiot; he can

drive without upsetting the carriage, and he knows how to hold his tongue when I am talking.

ENTER MARCIA D. R.

MARCIA. You sent for me, dear grandpapa? (*Advancing to* SIR WILLIAM. SHADWELL *rises and turns* UP C.)

SIR WM. (*sarcastically*). Yes, I sent for you, dear grandpapa! And don't dear grandpapa me—I am sick of it!

MARCIA. And I try so hard to please you! (*Sighing*)

SIR WM. With very poor success. Has your cousin arrived?

MARCIA. You mean Eleanor?

SIR WM. (*impatiently*). Yes, I mean Eleanor; who else should I mean? (*Rising*) Who else should I mean, eh? (*Thumping the floor sharply with his cane*)

MARCIA (DOWN *to* C.). She arrived by the four o'clock train ——

SIR WM. Four o'clock, that is nearly half an hour ago—why was I not told before? why, why? eh? (*Advancing* DOWN R. C.)

MARCIA. I did not know you were so eager to greet her, or I should have ushered her here direct from the carriage. (GOES *to* L. C.)

SIR WM. None of your sarcasm, my lady—I know so far as you are concerned, Eleanor Masserene is unwelcome in this house—but I choose to have her here, and I am master!

MARCIA. It is very hard to be misjudged. If I hesitated at your suggestion, it was only my solicitude for you—your delicate health, and having so many people in the house ——

SIR WM. (*sharply*). I choose to *have* people in my house—my house! (*Bringing his cane down sharply on table* C.) If I want to turn this house into a circus, it's my privilege—do you hear? my privilege! (*Again rapping table*) You cross me in all my wishes ——

MARCIA. Oh, no, indeed, dear grandpapa ——

SIR WM. (*in anger*). I say you do! And what I say is law! This is what a man gets when he grows old! I'm not old, do you hear? (MARCIA *retreats to back of table* C. SHADWELL XES *to above fireplace* R., SIR WM. XING *to* L. C.) I'm only—only a little past—past fifty, that's all, and I intend to enjoy myself as I see fit. Possibly you think I am going to die, and leave you all my money, eh?

MARCIA. No indeed, grandpapa ——

SIR WM. (*sarcastically*). No indeed, grandpapa ——

MARCIA. I cannot bear to hear you talk like that! (*Brushing away an imaginary tear with her handkerchief*)

SIR WM. Then don't irritate me. I am a good-natured man—as long as no one disagrees with me. Who else has arrived to enliven this gloomy old house? (*Sits* L. C.)

MARCIA (R. C.). Lady Cecil Stafford ——

SIR WM. Lady Cecil, h'm—and a wagon load of trunks filled with furbelows and trumpery ——

MARCIA. Lady Cecil is considered one of the best dressed women in London ——

SIR WM. Well she may be! Look at the amount of alimony she draws from poor Stafford! She is nothing but a dressed up doll.

MARCIA (*moves to chair at fireplace*). Then, Mr. Potts is here.

SIR WM. Potts—brainless Potts! A ninny, who hasn't sense enough to turn a corner. Who else?

MARCIA. I believe Mr. Luttrell ——

SIR WM. (*sharply*). You believe? Don't you know—what does he want here? (MARCIA *sits in chair front of fireplace*)

ENTER ROBERT D. R.

ROBERT (*announcing*). Mr. Luttrell.

ENTER LUTTRELL D. R. *briskly, advancing to* SIR WILLIAM. SHADWELL GOES *to* L. *of chair beside* MARCIA. ROBERT EXITS D. R.

LUTTRELL. How do you do, Sir William—I hope you are better ——

SIR WM. (*sharply*). Better, sir! Who said I was ill? I am never ill—I do not suffer from any of the infirmities that go with old age.

LUTTRELL. I am exceedingly glad to hear it—exceedingly ——

SIR WM. That will do—don't keep on repeating the same word, as though you were reciting a lesson! (*Striking floor sharply with his cane*)

LUTTRELL. I beg your pardon! (*Laughing*) Is there anything I can do for you, Sir William?

SIR WM. Yes, sir, give me your arm ——

LUTTRELL. Certainly, sir. (*Assisting him to rise*)

SIR WM. If I remained seated some of my kind-hearted guests might think me decrepit. (*Remaining* L. C.)

LUTTRELL. Lean on me, Sir William.

SIR WM. (*sharply*). I shall lean on myself. (*Drawing away from* LUTTRELL, *who turns to* MARCIA *and* SHADWELL R.)

LUTTRELL. Miss Amherst—Captain Shadwell. (XING *to extreme* R. SHADWELL *and* MARCIA *very icily acknowledging his greeting*)

ROBERT (*at* D. R., *announcing*). Lady Cecil Stafford.

ENTER LADY CECIL D. R.

LADY CECIL (*advancing, her manner extravagant*). Dear Sir William, how perfectly delighted I am to see you. I hope you are very much better ——

SIR WM. (*wrathfully*). Madam, my health is perfect, perfect! Far more reliable than your ladyship's!

LADY C. What a pleasure to hear you say so! Nearly

every one I know is complaining of the changeable weather—especially my *elderly* acquaintances.

SIR WM. Am I to understand, Madam, that you number me among your *elderly* acquaintances?

LADY C. Certainly not, Sir William! Why, I can imagine you jumping a hurdle! (*Laughing as she turns to* R. C.)

SIR WM. Imagine yourself doing so, but please do not connect me with any such clownish conduct. Jumping a hurdle! Bah! (*Steps toward* L.)

LADY C. (*to* MARCIA R. C.). What a frightful old person!

ROBERT (*at* D. R.). Mr. Potts!

ENTER POTTS D. R.

POTTS (*drawling, English fashion*). By Jove! how are you! Charmed to see you. (*Advancing* DOWN *toward* C.) I hope you have quite recovered your health!

SIR WM. (*an explosion of wrath*). Stop, sir! (POTTS *advances* DOWN C. *back of table, pauses abruptly, staring at* SIR WILLIAM) Hold your tongue! Is this a conspiracy to torment me? My health! My health! Once for all let me tell you that I shall live this summer, and next winter, and the next, and the next!

POTTS. By Jove! what a shock!

SIR WM. I shall outlive you, sir, and all of you!

POTTS. By Jove! I hope not!

SIR WM. What!

POTTS (*quickly*). I mean, I hope so, by Jove!

SIR WM. (*to* POTTS). What earthly use you are, sir, is more than I can understand. It is not in human nature to believe that some persons were ever intended for anything but an encumbrance. (SHADWELL GOES DOWN R.)

POTTS. By Jove! (XING *to* SHADWELL R.) What a shock! How de do, Shadwell! (*Shaking his hand languidly*)

ROBERT (*at* D. R.). Miss Masserene.

ENTER MOLLY D. R. *She comes in slowly, hesitatingly.* SIR WILLIAM *betrays some emotion. The others regard her with interest.*

SIR WM. Eleanor!

MOLLY. Grandfather!

SIR WM. (*slowly*). Eleanor—Masserene ——

MOLLY. May I come to you, grandfather, and take your hand? (*Advancing a step*)

SIR WM. (*staring at her*). You are like your mother—very like—your mother. (*Extending his hand.* MOLLY *advances and takes his hand*)

MOLLY. I am glad to see you, grandfather, and I hope we shall be good friends.

SIR WM. (*taking her hand*). Do you?

MOLLY. Why of course! And please don't stare at me all at once, because I expect to be here some time, and you will have a chance to get acquainted with me.

SIR WM. Indeed! And suppose I don't like you?

MOLLY. Oh, but you will! Everybody does! (ALL *laugh,* SIR WILLIAM *relenting slightly*) You can't think how nice I am! And I am useful, too. I will read to you, and play the piano, and sing the songs you most admire! I'll even mend your shirts, if they need it!

SIR WM. Are you trying to worm your way into my heart?

MOLLY. Yes, I am, grandfather—we ought to be a great deal to each other, you and I. You have so many people to love you, but I have so few—only Letty, and John, and Lovat, and Sarah—that's the maid—and—and—(*Glancing around at* LUTTRELL) one other person—not worth mentioning—(LUTTRELL *turns impatiently aside*) So I think we should kiss and make up. (*Abruptly throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him, much to his astonishment*) There! isn't that nice?

MARCIA (GOES *to end of sofa*). My dear Eleanor, I fear Sir William will not approve your impulsiveness. (LADY CECIL GOES *to* R. C.)

SIR WM. (*sharply*). Sir William can speak for him-

self. (*To* MOLLY) Do you know these people? (*Indicating* LADY CECIL *and* POTTS)

MOLLY. Not all of them, grandfather.

SIR WM. Lady Cecil Stafford—(*Indicating* LADY CECIL) my granddaughter.

LADY C. Charmed—perfectly charmed, dear Miss Masserene!

MOLLY (XING *to* LADY CECIL). Dear Lady Cecil, I like you already.

SIR WM. That—(*Indicating* POTTS) is Potts!

POTTS (*advancing to* MOLLY). By Jove!

MOLLY. Mr. Potts—have you no Christian name?

POTTS. Yes—Plantagenet Potts!

MOLLY. Plantagenet Potts! What a beautiful name!

POTTS. Isn't it? Some of my friends call me Planty!

MOLLY. Planty Potts! How poetic!

POTTS. You are—by Jove—English, I suppose?

MOLLY. Faith, no! I'm Irish—Paddy to the backbone! (*Laughing as she strikes him vigorously on the back*)

POTTS. Oh! what a shock!

SIR WM. I want to talk to my granddaughter. (*To* MARCIA) Invite your friends into the library, or the garden—or anywhere you like.

POTTS. Unceremonious, by Jove!

LUTTRELL. The garden for me, and a good cigar. (*Advancing*) Will you join me? (UP *to* D. R.)

POTTS. Thanks, awfully!

[EXIT LUTTRELL D. R., *followed by* POTTS

LADY C. (*to* MARCIA). I feel like a flock of sheep! (*Advancing to* D. R.) Isn't he atrocious? (*To* SIR WILLIAM *sweetly*) Pray excuse us, dear Sir William.

SIR WM. (*sharply*). With pleasure, Madam, with pleasure. [EXIT LADY C. *and* SHADWELL D. R.

MARCIA. I hope you will not fatigue yourself, dear grandpapa?

SIR WM. (*very sharply*). What's that your business! A man of my age is not easily fatigued! Leave us!

(MARCIA, *with ill-concealed anger, turns to* D. R. *and* EXITS)

MOLLY (DOWN R. C.). My, oh, me! How dreadfully impolite you are—driving your guests out in that brusque fashion! Whatever will they think of you? And you don't even treat me with proper courtesy—I have been in the room quite five minutes and you have not asked me to sit down!

SIR WM. (*regarding her sharply*). Indeed! H'm! I don't know but I like your rudeness!

MOLLY. Rudeness! Shame, sir!

SIR WM. Perhaps you think I should call it frankness.

MOLLY. Indeed you should! Won't you sit down on one of your own chairs, Sir William? (*She indicates* C.)

SIR WM. (*advancing to* C. *divan*). H'm—I might as well. (*Sits on divan* C. *staring at* MOLLY)

MOLLY. Am I anything like what you expected to see? (*Sits beside* SIR WILLIAM)

SIR WM. No, you are not. I expected to see a shy, gawky, pigeon-toed, freckle-faced ninny!

MOLLY. How complimentary! (*Laughing*) It is some comfort to know that you are slightly wrong.

SIR WM. Am I like what you expected to find me?

MOLLY. No, Sir William, you are not. I expected to find a handsome, amiable, courteous, dear old gentleman!

SIR WM. Which I am not.

MOLLY. No—of course I might flatter you ——

SIR WM. You need not. I know myself. Ah! (*Sighing*) Perhaps you have seen or read Shakespeare's tragedy, King Lear? Well, I too have had thankless children —truly it is "Sharper than a serpent's sting." My son, Marcia's father, clandestinely married an obscure woman of Italian birth. She is living, but I have forbidden Marcia even to write to her. Your mother disobeyed my wishes—she married an Irish actor—I never saw her afterward—I had no wish to see her. So, these two, only son and daughter, defied me; but I punished them—I punished them through their children.

MOLLY. Have you not punished yourself, grand-

father? (Sir William *looks at her sharply*) Marcia's father is dead, both my parents are dead. What did it profit you to quarrel with them?

Sir Wm. (*impatiently*). I did not quarrel with them —I never quarrel with any one—they disobeyed me, and they had to suffer!

Molly. Grandfather, whose picture is that? (*Rising, advancing toward* R., *where a picture hangs on the wall*)

Sir Wm. Your grandmother, child—Lady Amherst.

Molly. When you married her, was she the daughter of rich and aristocratic parents?

Sir Wm. No—she was the only child of a poor engineer ——

Molly. And you, Sir William Amherst, baronet, fell in love with her!

Sir Wm. I loved her, very, very dearly.

Molly. Did your father and mother approve of her as a wife for you?

Sir Wm. Zounds! No. How they stormed! But that did not trouble us! We loved each other—so we stole away together and were married, ha, ha! Our parents were unreasonable, but we outwitted them! We outwitted them, and they forgave us!

Molly (*sitting beside him*). You married the woman you loved—because she loved you, and you loved her. So did my mother, so did Marcia's father, and you let them die unforgiven! How can you expect us to think kindly of you, when you have been so hard, so pitiless, to the dead?

Sir Wm. (*wrathfully*). What's this? Are *you* reproaching *me?*

Molly. Yes, grandfather, I am. Youth might be some excuse, but a man who has lived so many years, nursing enmity so unjust, I am ashamed of him!

Sir Wm. You are bold to talk like this to me. (*Glaring at her*) I sent for you in the hope of finding you docile, obedient, respectful—instead, you are rebellious, independent, actually violent! Pray, Miss Masserene, do

you expect *me* to go down on my knees and ask your forgiveness—do you expect to receive any of my money, if you criticize and oppose me?

MOLLY (*rising*). No, Sir William—I scarcely hoped to win your good will—although I came in response to your invitation. But since we seem to be so very uncongenial, and you consider me a rude and undesirable guest, of course I shall go straight home, where I am allowed to do as I please, and where everybody thinks me perfection! (*Indignantly* XING *to bell-cord* R. *and giving it a vigorous ring*)

SIR WM. Hoity-toity—Miss Spitfire! What are you doing there? (*Rising*)

MOLLY (*sarcastically*). With your kind permission, I shall send word that my trunk is to be sent straight back to the station!

SIR WM. (*wrathfully, waving his cane*). You will do nothing of the kind—nothing of the kind, do you understand? Am I to be made an object of ridicule—a thing for my guests to laugh at—for the whim of a stubborn, spoiled child!

MOLLY (*indignantly*). I am not a child and I am not spoiled—at least, if I am, not by you—Sir William—heaven knows! You would never spoil anything—you cross, meddling, surly old man! (*Stamping her foot*) I am an amiable girl, and a sweet-tempered girl, but gracious goodness knows, if I remained in this house over night, I should wake up in the morning nothing but an irascible, exasperating, snarling cat!

ENTER ROBERT D. R.

ROBERT. Did you ring, Sir William?

SIR WM. No—you are not wanted ——

MOLLY (*quickly*). Yes you are—I want you ——

SIR WM. I tell you to go, Robert!

MOLLY. I tell you to stay, Robert! (*Catching him by the coat*) Have my trunk sent back to the station at once!

ROBERT (*astonished*). Bless me ——!

MOLLY. Bless you—go!

SIR WM. Robert, stay where you are! (ROBERT *pauses*) You are to pay no attention to Miss Masserene's instructions ——

ROBERT. Yes, Sir William!

SIR WM. Leave the room!

ROBERT. Yes, Sir William!

MOLLY (XING *rapidly to* ROBERT). Robert, Robert, you are to obey me ——

SIR WM. (*loud tone*). Leave the room!

ROBERT. Yes, Sir William! [EXIT *quickly* D. R.

MOLLY (*indignantly,* XES *to settee*). How dare you! Of course if you want to keep my trunk, you may do so, but you will never be able to wear my clothes—and I can go without them—not without my clothes—I mean without my trunk! Oh! You've made me cry! (*Bursting into tears, sinking* DOWN C. *on couch*)

SIR WM. Stop it, stop it, I say! (*Rapping with his cane*) I will not allow you to cry under my roof! (*To* R. C.)

MOLLY (*weeping*). What—do—do I ca-care for your horrid—old—roof! You dread-dreadful old man! (*Weeping hysterically*)

SIR WM. (R. C.). Stop it —— (*Loud tone*) Do you hear?

MOLLY. No—I'm deaf! (*Weeping loudly*)

SIR WM. You couldn't yell worse if you were being murdered!

MOLLY. Yes, I could! You just try to murder me, and I'll show you.

SIR WM. Do you want to go in to dinner with a red nose?

MOLLY. I don't care if it's red, or pink, or green—everybody will know it's your wicked fault.

SIR WM. What will people say?

MOLLY. They'll say you're a monster, and that I am an angel!

SIR WM. An angel—with a red nose! You are an incorrigible monkey! (UP R.)

MOLLY (*rising*). I'm no more of a monkey than you are! And if you call me any more names, I'll—I'll snatch off your wig and show everybody that you are bald-headed! Do you hear! (*Stamping her foot in rage*)

SIR WM. (UP R.). You wilful, ungrateful creature! I wash my hands of all responsibility. You may go back to your poverty-stricken home, or go to the old nick if you want to—I am done with you forever!

[EXIT D. R. *in rage*

MOLLY (UP C.). And I am done with you, you dreadful old gentleman! I won't have you for a grandfather —I'll get a divorce! It's perfectly disgusting to have such relatives! Oh, dear! I wish I was home! (DOWN R. C.)

ENTER SHADWELL D. L.

SHADWELL. Pardon me, I came for Marcia's book—she left it on the table. (*Advancing* DOWN L.)

MOLLY. How can people think of anything so trifling as a book when there is so much trouble in the world! (*At* R. *of table* C.)

SHADWELL (*looking at her, in surprise*). Why—what has happened?

MOLLY (*picking up a book from table* C.). Here is your book, and please tell Miss Amherst good-bye for me. (*Extending book*)

SHADWELL (*amazed*). Good-bye! I don't understand?

MOLLY. Grandfather and I have nearly come to blows! (DOWN R. C.)

SHADWELL. Oh, is that all? (*Laughing*)

MOLLY (*indignantly*). All! What more do you want? Would you like to see me stretched out in my own blood, and mutilated beyond recognition, and a coroner's inquest?

SHADWELL. Of course not! (*Laughing*)

MOLLY (*indignantly*). I believe you would—you seem to think it highly amusing.

SHADWELL. I admit Sir William is exasperating, and I suppose you lost your temper? (*Advancing*)

MOLLY (*sharply*). You need not suppose anything of the kind! I did *not* lose my temper. I am always, and under all circumstances, amiability itself.

SHADWELL. Are you quite sure?

MOLLY (*indignantly*). Sir, do you mean to insinuate that I have not told the truth?

SHADWELL. By no means, only, under the excitement of the moment you may have exaggerated.

MOLLY. It would be impossible to exaggerate Sir William's abominable conduct, or my patience, and sweetness! Not that it makes any difference, because I am going straight home. Good-bye. (XING *rapidly to* D. R.)

SHADWELL (*quickly*). Wait a moment ——

MOLLY. No, I shan't —— (*Her hand on* D. R.)

SHADWELL. Please—give me Marcia's book! (MOLLY *comes rapidly* DOWN *to him and offers the book; he catches her by the hand, laughing at the same time*) What a little firebrand! Come now, let's talk it over.

MOLLY. I tell you, I am going—good-bye. (*Attempting to draw away*)

SHADWELL. I refuse to say good-bye.

MOLLY. Nevertheless, I am going. (*Trying to draw away*)

SHADWELL. I want to get acquainted with you—in fact, I intend we shall be very good friends.

MOLLY. It is very charming of you to say so, especially to a girl you consider untruthful and ill-tempered! (*Drawing away, wrathfully throwing book on table*)

SHADWELL. On the contrary, I am convinced that it is all Sir William's fault.

MOLLY. How perfectly sweet of you to say so! (*Offering her hand*) Still, I cannot remain where I am not wanted, can I?

SHADWELL (*retaining her hand*). You *are* wanted—I want you to remain here—you know we are cousins ——

MOLLY. Fourth, or fifth, which is it? (*To chair* R.)

SHADWELL. I shall not answer that heartless remark,

but I want you to promise me that you will try to think of me as having a right to manifest an interest in you, and credit me with a sincere wish to help you, and promote your welfare.

MOLLY (*seated* R. C.). Isn't it a shame that an altogether terrible old man is going to break up our pleasant acquaintance?

SHADWELL (XING *to her*). It is not to be thought of for a moment. Put it all down to the eccentricity that goes with age. One should forget everything except the great fortune at stake.

MOLLY. Is Sir William so very rich?

SHADWELL. Immensely so—he cannot live a great while longer, and when he dies his fortune must be divided between we three—Marcia, you and myself.

MOLLY (*seriously*). Do you think that I will tolerate his conduct toward me, his avowed hatred of my dead mother, for the sake of inheriting his money?

SHADWELL. Everybody does so, everywhere.

MOLLY. Is that honorable?

SHADWELL. It is sensible.

MOLLY. It is hypocrisy!

SHADWELL. It is diplomacy.

MOLLY (*rising*). It is theft!

SHADWELL (*rising*). My dear little cousin!

MOLLY. Theft, I say—obtaining by false pretenses that which would never be ours could he read our hearts! (DOWN R. C.) To pretend affection for a helpless old man, merely for the sake of benefiting by his will, all the while despising him—that is stealing!

SHADWELL (C.). Your puritanic ideas will not find a ready echo in society. (*To* L. C.)

MOLLY (C.). Then I do not want to be in society, if one must be false and treacherous. I don't want grandfather's money; I am going on the stage to earn my living—grandfather hates the stage, so you see he and I could never agree. I am going back to brother John—and Teddy.

SHADWELL. Teddy? Ah, that's Mr. Luttrell, isn't it?

MOLLY. Of course it is—dear old Teddy! He has a very disagreeable temper, but he is strictly *honorable!*

SHADWELL (*advancing to her*). I do not wish you to think that I am less honorable than he. Remember, I did not advocate hypocrisy—I only counsel wisdom. Think of yourself. Promise me that you will reconsider? (*Taking her hand*)

ENTER LUTTRELL *quickly from* D. R.

LUTTRELL (*surprised and displeased*). I beg your pardon. (*Advancing and glaring at* MOLLY)

MOLLY. Oh, Teddy, I'm so glad you came! (*Drawing away from* SHADWELL)

LUTTRELL (*sharply*). Really! I am surprised to hear it! (XES *rapidly to table* C. *facing* SHADWELL) Miss Amherst is waiting for her book!

SHADWELL. True, I had forgotten all about it. (*At* L. *of table, picking up book*) You see, Miss Molly, the effect of your spell. Will you excuse me?

LUTTRELL (UP C., *sharply*). I will endeavor to entertain Miss Masserene in your absence! (XES *to* D. L., *throwing it open*)

SHADWELL. Thank you. (*Leisurely strolling* UP *to* D. L.)

MOLLY (DOWN R. C.). Au revoir, Captain.

SHADWELL. Au revoir, cousin! Don't forget our agreement! (*Humming a snatch of song, he slowly* EXITS D. L. LUTTRELL, *in a rage, closes the door after him with a bang*)

MOLLY. Teddy!

LUTTRELL (*advancing* DOWN C., *wrathfully*). Teddy! Oh, you're a hummer!

MOLLY. A hummer! What's a hummer?

LUTTRELL. By Jove, you're not losing any time! What does this mean?

MOLLY (R. C., *sweetly*). What does what mean, Teddy dear?

LUTTRELL (*wrathfully*). You have been in this house less than two hours and you are already engaged in a scandalous—shameful flirtation ——

MOLLY. Teddy, dear!

LUTTRELL. Don't Teddy dear me—I repeat a scandalous flirtation with a man you had never seen until two weeks ago—a perfect stranger!

MOLLY. He's not a perfect stranger—he's my fifth cousin! (R.)

LUTTRELL. Fifth fiddlestick! (*Advancing to her*) Why was he holding your hand?

MOLLY. Was he? (*Laughing, retreating around table*) Oh, Teddy, how you terrify me! You will never go to heaven, if you frown like that! (*Around to* L. *of table*)

LUTTRELL (*facing her*). Answer me this—what did he mean by, "Will you reconsider," and "Don't forget your agreement"? Answer me!

MOLLY (GOES DOWN *to end of divan*). Oh, Teddy, you're jealous! (*Laughing*)

LUTTRELL. Yes I am—and you know why—yet you persist in torturing me.

MOLLY (*mock seriousness*). Under those distressing circumstances, I will condescend to explain, because the explanation is sure to make you even more unhappy. Grandfather and I have had a dreadful quarrel. Philip —that is, Captain Shadwell,—came in and found me weeping just as hard as ever I could, and when I told him I was going straight home, he advised me to pacify grandfather and remain, for the sake of the money. But you know, Teddy, I perfectly detest anything so mean!

LUTTRELL. Is that all?

MOLLY. Honor bright—hope to die! (*Crossing her heart*)

LUTTRELL (*much relieved*). And you will go back to Rosedale?

MOLLY. This very day ——

LUTTRELL (C.). You darling! (*Embracing her*) You're the sweetest, loveliest and most angelic girl in the

world! And to think that I ever suspected you of fickleness!

MOLLY (C.). It was very wrong of you, Teddy, and I don't think I shall forgive you for at least—five minutes!

LUTTRELL. Dear little Molly! Will you let me put a ring on this finger—(*Taking her left hand*)—and proclaim you mine?

MOLLY. Oh, let's wait until next week!

LUTTRELL. But it seems so unsatisfactory—I don't feel that I really own you, unless we are publicly engaged.

MOLLY (L. C.). Teddy, what can I say?

LUTTRELL. Say "yes," dearest Molly. (XING *to her*)

MOLLY. Suppose you don't really love me as much as you think you do?

LUTTRELL. I wish I could make you understand the full strength of my love for you.

MOLLY. Then I suppose it must be "yes."

LUTTRELL. Molly! (*Taking her hand*) Are we really engaged?

MOLLY. Of course we are; doesn't it seem funny? (*Laughing*)

LUTTRELL. It seems very serious and beautiful. Will you kiss me?

MOLLY. No, I think not. I never in all my life kissed any man, except Brother John, and I don't believe I should like it. If I can't be engaged without kissing you, I don't want to be engaged at all.

LUTTRELL. As you wish, Molly. (*Turning slightly aside*)

MOLLY. Do all women kiss the men they promise to marry?

LUTTRELL. All women kiss the men they love!

MOLLY (*laughing*). Isn't that funny! (LUTTRELL XES *to* R. C.) Now you're cross with me? (*Advancing to* C.)

LUTTRELL (*sadly*). What does it matter? I do not expect to force you to love me.

MOLLY. I never saw any one so obstinate! I've said yes, and I've said—I've said I love you ——

LUTTRELL (GOES *to* MOLLY, C. *Quickly*). I didn't hear you say so.

MOLLY. I said it under my breath—do you expect me to yell it at the top of my voice? Shame, Teddy! Since you insist, you may kiss me, but only once—right there! (*Indicating deliberately on her cheek*)

LUTTRELL. Not against your will.

MOLLY. It's not against my will ——

LUTTRELL (*turning quickly to her*). Molly ——

MOLLY. You tiresome boy! Kiss me instantly, or I shall marry Captain Shadwell!

LUTTRELL (*kisses her*). Now you are my own little Molly. (*Embracing her*)

MOLLY. Not yet, sir. I demand the badge of my slavery. (*Extending her left hand*) Where's the ring?

LUTTRELL (*draws small jewel box from his pocket*). Open it and see for yourself. I hope it will please you. (*Giving her jewel case*)

MOLLY. Is it really —— (*Opening case*) Oh, Teddy! It cannot be for me! (*Greatly pleased*) It is too beautiful—lovely—Oh, Teddy—how good of you—you darling —— (*Throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him*) You dearest boy! Put it on my finger—there—Oh! (LUTTRELL *places ring on her finger*) What a perfect fit! However did you guess! Oh!

LUTTRELL. I'm glad you like it ——

MOLLY. Like it! Oh, Teddy! You angel! (*Again embracing him, then* XING *to* L. C. *surveying the ring on her finger, with delight*) See it sparkle, Teddy—like fire! However did you know the kind of a ring I wanted? (LUTTRELL *laughs*) It must have cost a small fortune—I would thank you, dearest, only I can't think of the right words! I never had a ring before in all my life—except a very old one belonging to my mother. Thank you, Teddy, a thousand, thousand times!

LUTTRELL. I am amply repaid since you are pleased.

MOLLY. Pleased! I think it is actually wicked of me

to be so glad. (*Seriously*) Teddy, we belong to each other now, don't we?

LUTTRELL. Yes, Molly—an engagement is binding—it's like a contract ——

MOLLY. Oh, Teddy, don't be so business like.

LUTTRELL. We belong to each other. Remember, and —no flirting!

MOLLY. Who is there to flirt with at Rosedale?

LUTTRELL. True, you are going home, and I am glad of it, for there I shall not be afraid of losing you.

MOLLY. I want to go instantly, Teddy, and as it is a very long walk to the station, perhaps they may loan us a carriage—if grandfather has not given orders to the contrary!

LUTTRELL. He's not quite an ogre. I'll go and tell Martin, the coachman—there's a train in about forty mintes. (*Looking at his watch*) Can you be ready?

MOLLY. I am ready now. I shall sit here until you come for me—and not think of venturing out of this room.

LUTTRELL (*to* D. R.). I'll be back within ten minutes. If Shadwell comes in, show him your ring! [EXIT D. R.

MOLLY. Dearest Teddy! (*Throwing a kiss after him*) Oh my! how strange it seems to belong to some one else! I suppose it's the same with little calves and chickens when they're sold at auction! But that is a darling ring! (*Kissing the ring*) I really wonder just how much it cost! Anyway, Teddy must love me enormously to spend so much money on one little ring. (SHADWELL *and* MARCIA *heard outside* D. L. MOLLY *draws chair from* L. C. *within screen and remains back of screen*)

ENTER MARCIA D. L., *followed by* SHADWELL. MARCIA XES *toward window* C., *while* SHADWELL *remains near* D. L. *As* MARCIA *nears the window,* SIR WILLIAM'S *voice is heard, harsh and loud, outside window.*

SIR WM. (*outside*). Wheel slowly, you idiot! Do you think I am a wooden hulk that you can run over

stones and jostle me like a wheelbarrow? Slowly, I say, slowly!

MARCIA (*looking through window*). There he goes, seated in his armchair, up and down, up and down with irritating slowness—so it is every day. (*Advancing* DOWN C.) The same pose—his head bent upon his chest, his fierce eyes roving to and fro.

SHADWELL (*advancing*). He reminds me of an Egyptian mummy, frozen and toothless. (DOWN L. C.)

MARCIA (DOWN C., *bitterly*). He ought to die! (*At table* C. *looking steadily at* SHADWELL L. *of table.* MOLLY, *back of screen, motionless, listens*)

SHADWELL. Die? Yes, of course. But old gentlemen of unlimited means and hungry heirs live forever.

MARCIA. He has lived long enough. Who cares for him? Of what use is he? What good does he do in each twenty-four hours? He is keeping us from enjoying what rightly belongs to you and me.

SHADWELL. You forget Molly.

MARCIA. No, I do not forget her; in spite of Sir William's bitterness toward her mother, that mother was his favorite daughter. If Molly remains here, with her tricky, artful schemes, she may succeed in getting the old man to alter his will in her favor.

SHADWELL. I do not think it likely ——

MARCIA. More unlikely things have happened. The will now stands in our favor. But should Sir William repent of his conduct toward his dead daughter—what will become of us? (*To* R.)

SHADWELL (XES *to front of sofa*). Even if this happens, he will not entirely disown you and me.

MARCIA. I will not share the money with any one, except you! I have given the best years of my life to caring for this irritable creature; I have borne his slights and insults, only because I expected to be well repaid when he is dead. Do you think I am going to be cheated now—and by this country girl—no —— (*Advancing*) Philip—rather than that ——

SHADWELL (*quickly*). Marcia, what do you mean?

MARCIA. How frail he is! yet how he lives! And I help him live—I am the rope to which he clings. At night, when sleep comes over him, it is my duty to rouse him and give him the medicine that prolongs his life. (*Advancing to* SHADWELL) If—if I should forget—his dreams would end in—death!

SHADWELL. Marcia! Great God! Would you kill him!

MARCIA (*quickly*). No—I might only—forget! Then everything would be ours!

SHADWELL. Horrible ——

MARCIA. Philip ——

SHADWELL. You have said enough—I have found you out ——

MARCIA (*close to him*). You shrink from me—are you sure *you* have not wished him dead?

SHADWELL. I have wished it, but I would not kill him!

MARCIA. Hypocrite! You are as much sinner as I am! I speak aloud, while you whisper the same thought in your heart!

SHADWELL. Do not speak of this again—I am done with you. (XING *to* R.)

MARCIA (XES *to* SHADWELL. *Quickly*). Philip, you will not cast me off—I have only spoken—I have not committed the deed.

SHADWELL. It is but a step—I could never trust you again. (*Back of table*)

MARCIA (*advancing to table*). Don't say that—you should be the last to condemn me—for if I dreamed of sin, it is for your sake ——

SHADWELL. Stop, Marcia ——

MARCIA. I want you to have wealth—position ——

SHADWELL. At such a price ——

MARCIA (*vehemently*). At any price—I want to share them with you ——

SHADWELL. I tell you, *no* —— (UP *toward* L.)

MARCIA (*quickly, toward* R. *corner of table*). If you believe I am wrong, we will forget all that I have said—

it shall be as if never spoken—Philip—promise to forget ——

SHADWELL. I could never look at you again without loathing—I could never trust you—I cannot even bear to think of you —— (*Quickly to* D. L.)

MARCIA. Do you mean—Philip—do you mean that all is over between us?

SHADWELL. That is what I mean!

[EXIT *quickly* D. L.

MARCIA. Oh! (*To* R. C.) He casts me off! Then every impulse but hatred dies in my heart!

MOLLY (*advances from behind screen, facing* MARCIA *with horror.* MARCIA *turns quickly, sees* MOLLY). You wicked, wicked woman!

MARCIA (*glaring at* MOLLY). You!—were you hiding?

MOLLY. I heard every word you said!

ENTER LUTTRELL *quickly* D. R.

LUTTRELL. Come, Molly, I will drive you to the station ——

MOLLY (*steadily looking at* MARCIA). I have changed my mind.

LUTTRELL. What ——

MOLLY. I must remain here to save Sir William's life!

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as* ACT II. *Three weeks later. The screen used in* ACT II *has been removed. DISCOVERED* MARCIA *seated near window* UP C. *reading a book.*

ENTER ROBERT D. R., *carrying three letters.*

MARCIA (*looking up from book*). What do you want, Robert?

ROBERT. I thought Miss Masserene had returned. Here is a letter for her—I should say, two letters.

MARCIA. Leave them on the table. (*Indicating table* C.)

ROBERT. Yes, Madam. (*Placing two letters on table*)

MARCIA. Who is the other letter for?

ROBERT (*turning toward* MARCIA). It is for Sir William.

MARCIA. He is sleeping. (*Rising*) You may leave it with me—I will give it to him when he awakes. (*Advancing to* C., *extending hand*)

ROBERT (GOES DOWN R. C.; *hesitating*). Sir William gave me strict orders to deliver all letters to him personally.

MARCIA. When did he tell you that?

ROBERT. Only last night.

MARCIA. Why should he give you such a strange order?

ROBERT. Sir William thinks that certain letters have —gone astray.

MARCIA. Poor dear Sir William! He is really becoming childish! Such odd fancies. (XING *to* ROBERT) Haven't you noticed it, Robert?

ROBERT. I cannot say I have! On the contrary, he seems greatly improved in health, much brighter, and much more—ahem!—amiable!

MARCIA. He appears to have improved. In reality, he is much weaker—less able to bear the annoyance of business cares. That is why I relieve him of all such matters; so you may give me the letter, and I will see that it is properly delivered to him. (*Reaching her hand for letter*)

ROBERT. I fear Sir William will be greatly displeased, and excitement is not good for him. (*Turning to* D. R.) If you will permit me, Madam, I will obey Sir William's orders.

MARCIA (*intercepting him at* D. R.). You must not give him any letters until I have first learned who the correspondent is. Let me look at the envelope. (ROB-

ERT *reluctantly hands her the letter*) Well, are you afraid to let me look at it? (*Bell rings outside* R. *sharply*)

ROBERT (*nervously*). There is Sir William's bell—he is awake.

MARCIA (*looking at letter*). From his solicitor, Mr. Blake—as I feared—they shall not annoy him with irritating legal affairs. (*Turning toward fireplace* R.) He must not receive such correspondence. (*Bell rings again sharply, outside*)

ROBERT (GOES *to* MARCIA. *Anxiously*). Sir William is ringing. Madam—will you give me the letter?

MARCIA. No! You cannot have this letter. Go, answer the bell—I forbid you to mention this letter to Sir William.

ROBERT. Obedience is the first duty of a servant. Sir William is my employer. I shall do my duty to him. (*Bows*) [EXIT D. R.

MARCIA. Much good it will do you—for the letter will have ceased to exist. (*Tearing letter into bits, and throwing it in fireplace*) He shall not change that will, while I live to prevent it. (GOES UP *stage*)

ENTER D. L. LADY CECIL.

LADY C. Oh, I've had the most delightful drive! (*Advancing* DOWN L. C.)

MARCIA. Indeed? (*Advancing* DOWN R. C.)

LADY C. It is a pity you didn't go with us, Marcia.

MARCIA. I had a headache ——

LADY C. I'm sure the drive would have chased it away. (*Removing hat, and laying it on table*) Whenever I feel a headache approaching, or a case of the blue devils, I send instantly for Molly; that girl is a better cure than any ten doctors of my acquaintance.

MARCIA. I do not admire her boisterous style.

LADY C. Boisterous! Why, I think her smile would charm the sphinx, and her hearty laugh jingles in one's ears like the chimes on Christmas morning.

MARCIA (*sits* C.). Did Philip accompany you?

LADY C. Yes indeed; he is absolutely devoted to Molly ——

MARCIA. Oh, Cecil! that girl is robbing me! (*Bows head*)

LADY C. (XING *to* MARCIA). My poor Marcia! I am afraid the love is all on one side; it may sound harsh to say this, but isn't it better to acknowledge the truth to oneself? I know how dearly you love Philip, but if he does not appreciate your devotion, why waste your affection upon him? There are so many other men—and they are not difficult to capture, especially when one is likely to inherit Sir William's fortune.

MARCIA. But I sincerely love Philip. I am not very affectionate—people call me cold and proud, so I am to all but him. Without him, life would be a tragedy.

LADY C. Nonsense. There are as good fish in the sea as ever swallowed a bait. (*Sits* C.)

MARCIA. I do not want to catch them. If only grandfather had not brought this girl here!

LADY C. I don't really believe she cares a snap of her fingers for Philip—she only flirts with him to amuse herself.

MARCIA. And make me miserable. (*Rising*) If only we could get rid of her! Cecil, you know as well as I do, that she is dangerous!

LADY C. Dangerous! Dear me! What a strong word!

MARCIA (*sits beside* LADY CECIL. *Earnestly*). Look what she has accomplished in three brief weeks!

LADY C. Marvelous! She has changed Sir William from an irritable, sarcastic, impossible bear into a smiling, polite and altogether genial host.

MARCIA. She has taken my place by his side—I am not permitted even to give him his medicine—she has coaxed him into allowing her to give a party, here, in this very house—where there has been no dancing and music in twenty years. She has won the love of the servants, and she has brought Philip Shadwell a slave to her feet. (*Rising*) That—I can never forgive.

LADY C. All that you say is true, and much of it is to Molly's credit.

MARCIA. She has robbed me of Philip's love!

LADY C. When you accuse her of robbing you of Philip's love, are you quite sure that she has done this?

MARCIA. Was he not devoted to me before she came here? I do not believe he ever thought of another woman, much less paid her such attention as he gives this girl! (*To* L.)

LADY C. (*rising*). Why don't you go to her—woman to woman—and tell her that she is causing you a great deal of misery? Believe me, Molly is not heartless, and she knows right from wrong. If she has robbed you of Philip's love, then accuse her to her face!

MARCIA (GOES *to* LADY C.). She has, she has!

LADY C. I would be very certain of that, Marcia, because, while Molly can purr like a kitten, I think she can also scratch like a cat. (*To* R.)

MARCIA (*follows* LADY CECIL). I mean to settle with her to-night. I cannot bear this torture any longer. (MOLLY *and* SIR WILLIAM *heard laughing outside* L.)

LADY C. Here she comes.

MARCIA (*hastily*). Not a word before Sir William.

ENTER D. L. MOLLY *and* SIR WILLIAM. *He leans on* MOLLY'S *arm; both are laughing merrily.*

MOLLY. Now, isn't that a funny story? I knew it would make you laugh! (*Laughing*)

SIR WM. Very funny indeed! (*Laughing*)

LADY C. Dear Sir William!

SIR WM. Dear Lady Cecil! (*Bowing to her*) How charming your ladyship is looking to-day! (*Looking at* MARCIA) Marcia. (MARCIA XES *to* C.)

MOLLY (*leads* SIR WILLIAM *to seat* C.). I know ever so many more Irish stories—father used to tell them to us by the yard! (*Laughing*)

SIR WM. Ah, ha, it takes an Irishman to humor real wit! If you have any Irish people among your acquaintances, you may invite them to the party!

MOLLY (*clapping her hands in delight*). Oh, grandfather, may I really?

SIR WM. Certainly; why not? (*Sits* C.)

LADY C. (DOWN R. C.). It really delights us, Sir William, to see you in such excellent spirits. (MOLLY GOES UP *to back of table*)

SIR WM. My dear Lady Cecil, I never felt so well in all my life. Your ladyship is looking blooming.

LADY C. Oh, Sir William! I'm afraid that's flattery! I must dress for dinner; will you excuse me?

SIR WM. (*rising, bowing to her*). Madam, with much regret.

LADY C. Sir William! (*Bows and turns toward* D. R. SIR WILLIAM *bows elaborately*) Marcia, are you coming?

MARCIA. Presently. [EXIT LADY CECIL D. R.

SIR WM. (*resumes his seat* C.). You may go, Marcia. (MOLLY GOES R. *of* SIR WILLIAM)

MARCIA (*advancing a step toward him*). Is there anything I can do for you, dear grandpapa?

SIR WM. (*irritably*). Haven't I told you, Marcia, not to dear grandpapa me? Why don't you have some dignity, like—Eleanor? Call me grandfather—grandpapa! —as though I were only forty or forty-five years old. I'm a man of years—I am seventy-three years old—don't treat me as if I were a young booby of thirty! Remember that.

MARCIA. I shall try to do so, grandfather. Won't you sit over here? (*Indicating* L. C.) This chair is more comfortable.

SIR WM. How do I know it is? Don't fidget so, Marcia. Bye the bye, what has become of the screen that used to stand over there? (*Indicating* L.)

MARCIA (*looking at* MOLLY). I—I had it removed; I thought it did not harmonize with the furniture.

MOLLY. Do have it brought back, grandfather! It is so convenient to hide behind. (*Looking at* MARCIA)

MARCIA. Hiding and listening to conversations that are not meant to be overheard is not a strictly honorable amusement.

MOLLY. I should not call it an amusement to threaten the life of some one else! (*Laying her hand on* SIR WILLIAM'S *shoulder*)

SIR WM. (*looking from one to the other*). Hello! Have you two girls been quarreling? Now, Miss Molly, have you been listening to Marcia's billing and cooing?

MOLLY. Not exactly, grandfather, but I promise never to eavesdrop again, because I am sure Marcia will be more cautious in the future.

MARCIA. One cannot be too cautious in the presence of people one cannot trust! (*Looking at* MOLLY)

SIR WM. Now, now, I will not have this bickering. What is the use of embittering our lives with sharp words and anger? You see how good-natured I am! I am an example! If there were more people like me in the world, what a very pleasant place it would be to live in!

MARCIA. Shall I bring your medicine here, grandfather?

MOLLY. I will give Sir William his medicine.

MARCIA. You are quite certain I can do nothing for you?

SIR WM. No,—you may go.

MARCIA (*turns toward* D. L.). If you want me, I will come to you immediately. [EXIT D. L.

SIR WM. Close the door, Marcia, and don't listen at the keyhole.

MOLLY. Oh, grandfather! (*Laugh*) Marcia will be mortally offended!

SIR WM. Marcia irritates me. (*Laying his hand on* MOLLY'S) Ah, Molly, if you had not come here—I think Marcia might have had me in my grave.

MOLLY (*with a sharp outcry*). Grandfather!

SIR WM. What's the matter, child?

MOLLY. You frightened me!

SIR WM. You don't want to think of me dying, do you?

MOLLY. No, no—not for many years ——

SIR WM. (*patting her hand as she resumes her seat*).

That's a good child. Now listen to me; when I quarreled with your mother and father, I cut them out of my will; but I'm sorry for that, I'm sorry. (*Sadly*) Poor Eleanor! She must have endured great deprivation.

MOLLY. We did; sometimes we suffered.

SIR WM. My poor child; I must try to make it up to you. I have sent for my solicitor, Mr. Blake. I am going to change my will, and remember you handsomely, very handsomely.

MOLLY (*earnestly*). I do not wish you to think that I want your love only for the sake of also winning your money. I do love you, grandfather—(*An arm about his neck*) you are the father of my darling mother—oh! I don't see how you could treat her as you did; she was so good—so self-sacrificing. She taught me to pray for you, when I was a wee tiny child—when I could scarcely lisp the words—"God bless grandfather and preserve him in health." (*Rising, turning a step to* R. SIR WILLIAM *much affected*) Her life was so sad—so unjustly sad; we can never make that up, grandfather, no matter how bitterly we regret. It is buried with her, in her grave. (*Bowing her face in her hands, weeping*)

SIR WM. (*solemnly*). Eleanor. (MOLLY *advances to him, kneeling beside him* R.) How you remind me of her! It seems as if she stood before me. She was my only daughter, yet she was the one to thwart me most. I did not forgive. I left her to pine for the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. I let her wear her heart out, waiting for pardon, and now she is dead! I cannot tell her she is pardoned, nor can I beg for her forgiveness.

MOLLY. Dear grandfather, she did forgive—she had not a single bitter thought of you. (*Kneeling*)

SIR WM. Eleanor, it is I who should kneel to you, since she is gone forever. I ask forgiveness of you, her child. I will make any atonement in my power, just to hear you say, "Grandfather, in mother's name, I forgive you!"

MOLLY. In her name, I forgive you.

SIR WM. (*brokenly*). God bless you, child! God bless you! (MOLLY *rises and turns* R., *pausing a moment*)

ENTER ROBERT D. R.

ROBERT. Sir William.

SIR WM. What is it, Robert?

ROBERT. Mr. Blake is in the library.

SIR WM. I will see him immediately. (*Rising. To* MOLLY) Mr. Blake is my solicitor—I expected him. Robert, your arm. (*Turning* UP, *meeting* ROBERT, *who advances*) Ah, I am not so young as I was—but I know what I want—justice—justice shall be done. (MOLLY *on the other side of him, accompanies him to* D. R.)

MOLLY. It *has* been done, grandfather. Thank you, thank you from my heart. (*Kissing his hand.* EXIT SIR WILLIAM *and* ROBERT D. R. *Sighing*) Oh, dear! What a dreadfully melancholy ending to a pleasant afternoon! (*Advances* DOWN *to table* C.) If I only had Teddy to quarrel with! It does brighten one up so to have a good row! (*Seeing letters on table, picks them up*) Now, who's this from? (*Scanning envelope*) It looks like—yes—it is—Teddy's writing! Teddy! who went away never to come back! (*Hastily opens letter*) At least he swore he never would! Now I suppose he wants all his presents returned. Well, he'll not get them.

ENTER *quickly* D. L. LUTTRELL.

LUTTRELL. Molly ——

MOLLY. Oh! great grief! Where did you come from?

LUTTRELL (*advancing quickly*). From London!

MOLLY. What brought you here?

LUTTRELL. An express —— Oh, Molly, Molly —— (*Advancing*)

MOLLY (*retreating*). Don't come near me—I just received your letter—I wasn't going to read it ——

LUTTRELL. You opened it —— (*Indicating letter*)

MOLLY. I hadn't the least idea who it was from. (*Looking at it sideways*)

LUTTRELL. Don't bother to read it—throw your arms around my neck and say you're glad to see me!

MOLLY. I shall do nothing of the sort.

LUTTRELL. You *are* glad ——

MOLLY. No, I'm not. It was exceedingly rude of you to burst in here without rapping. How did you know I was here, and—alone?

LUTTRELL. That's just why I burst in—thinking I might catch you ——

MOLLY. Catch me!

LUTTRELL. With Captain Shadwell!

MOLLY. How dare you!

LUTTRELL. Oh, I've heard all about your flirtation with him—that's what brought me down here.

MOLLY. Please to remember that we are no longer engaged. Look there! (*Showing her left hand, without the ring*)

LUTTRELL. Oh, I didn't expect to see my ring on your finger—but I'll bet it's in your pocket.

MOLLY. I have no pocket.

LUTTRELL. Now see here, Molly, I'm not going to be thrown over. You belong to me just as much as if you had seventeen rings on every finger, both thumbs and every toe of your dear little foot—I mean feet. Understand, I mean what I say.

MOLLY. Then you are not consistent, because when you went away three weeks ago, you swore you would never come back, never think of me, and never, never speak to me again!

LUTTRELL. I didn't mean that. But you refused to explain why you so suddenly changed your mind and decided to remain here.

MOLLY. I couldn't tell you.

LUTTRELL. Could, but wouldn't.

MOLLY (DOWN L. C.). Honestly, couldn't.

LUTTRELL. Let me see those hands. (XING, *taking her hands*) Bare! Then you haven't promised to marry Captain Shadwell?

MOLLY. Not yet, but there's no telling what may happen. (*Sighing*)

LUTTRELL. Where is your ring?

MOLLY. I threw it away, long ago!

LUTTRELL. Threw it away! (*Taking hold of a chain about her neck; the ring is attached to chain*) What's this?

MOLLY. Teddy! (*Throwing her arms about his neck*)

LUTTRELL. You dear little story teller! (*Embrace*)

ENTER POTTS D. L.

POTTS. By Jove! (*Pausing, gazing at* MOLLY *and* LUTTRELL, *who break away quickly*) What a shock! I beg pardon! (MOLLY XES *to* R.)

LUTTRELL (*exasperated*). Oh, confound you! (XING *to* R. *end of table*) What do you want here?

POTTS. I just dropped in.

LUTTRELL. You can just drop out again.

POTTS. Now don't be rude. (*Advancing* DOWN L. C.)

LUTTRELL. We'll excuse you.

POTTS. I'm in no hurry. (*Sits in chair* L. C. LUTTRELL XES *impatiently to* MOLLY R. C.)

MOLLY. I am very sorry you came in, Mr. Potts. (XING *toward* POTTS)

POTTS. It was—a shock! The doctor says shocks are bad for my nerves, but I tell him he's a frump, because every time I experience a shock I gain three pounds! I do, really!

MOLLY. If you continue to gain at the rate of three pounds for every shock, I am afraid that by to-morrow morning you may not be able to crowd through the doorway. I don't want to be responsible for such an awful result, so we'll leave you as you are. Come, Ted. (*Running toward* D. L.) Do hurry. (LUTTRELL XES *quickly to* D. L.) Hurry, or Mr. Potts may swell up and burst! [EXIT D. L. MOLLY *and* LUTTRELL, *laughing*

POTTS (XES C. *and turns, looking around after them*). By Jove! Really! (*Tapping his arm and shoulders*)

I think I lost that time. Can it be she does not love me? By Jove, that would be a shock!

ENTER SHADWELL D. R.

SHADWELL. My dear Potts——

POTTS. My dear Shadwell——

SHADWELL (*advancing* C.). What's the matter? You look upset.

POTTS. I am.

SHADWELL. Indeed? I'll ring for something. (*A step toward* R.)

POTTS. Not a drop! (*Fervently*) Oh, Shadwell, Shadwell!

SHADWELL. What in the name of heaven is the matter with you? (*Advancing* L.)

POTTS. I'm in love!

SHADWELL. I thought so—with Lady Cecil?

POTTS. By Jove! no! with Miss Masserene!

SHADWELL (*sharply*). Miss Masserene?

POTTS. She is the loveliest creature I ever saw—like Venus, or—Minerva, or—or—what's her name?

SHADWELL. I'm sure I don't know. (*To extreme* R.)

POTTS. She's lovelier than any goddess on earth!

SHADWELL. There are no goddesses on earth—they are all in mythology.

POTTS. There is nothing in life I wouldn't do for that girl—I tell you, nothing, nothing—nothing—do you hear!

SHADWELL. I do, but I advise you not to let your emotions choke you.

POTTS (*mournfully*). But she, she wouldn't look at me!

SHADWELL. Wouldn't she? How extremely distressing. Suppose you cheer up—remember, women never know their own minds at first. She may yet acknowledge your perfections and throw herself into your arms. Think of that!

POTTS (*joyously*). By Jove! if she did—what a shock!

SHADWELL. Where could she get a better fellow! "Faint heart," you know. Pluck up spirit, and attack her boldly.

POTTS. Boldly? I understand. You mean—a—that is—you advise—a—er—yes, I understand—I understand ——

SHADWELL. Throw yourself at her feet!

POTTS. I will, by Jove, I will!

SHADWELL. To-morrow ——

POTTS. *Now!* (*Quickly, with long strides to* D. L.)

[EXIT D. L.

SHADWELL. Idiot! But that clears the way for me. (XES *to piano and plays.* ENTER ROBERT D. R., *carrying screen*) Ah, Robert. (*Looking at him*) What's that for?

ROBERT (XING *to* L., *placing screen as it was in* ACT II). Sir William wishes it replaced.

SHADWELL. Sir William's temper has greatly improved in the last few weeks, don't you think so, Robert?

ROBERT. Wonderful, sir!

SHADWELL. Since Miss Masserene came, remarkable change, eh?

ROBERT. Wonderful, sir! (*Returning to* C.)

SHADWELL. She appears to have great influence over him?

ROBERT. Wonderful, sir! (XING *to* D. R.)

SHADWELL (*at piano*). Has Sir William come down to dinner?

ROBERT. He is in the library with Mr. Blake.

SHADWELL. His confidential adviser.

ROBERT. Yes, sir. [EXIT D. R.

SHADWELL (*musingly*). Blake! H'm! that means something. (MOLLY *appears at balustrade outside* C. *window*)

MOLLY (*mock heroic manner*). Save me! save me!

SHADWELL (*quickly*). From what?

MOLLY. Mr. Potts!

SHADWELL. Oh! (*Laughing as he* GOES *quickly to window*) Poor Potts!

MOLLY. He's pursuing me with the awful determination of telling me he loves me! Do help me through this window—perhaps he will not find me. (SHADWELL *assists her to climb through window*) There! (*Draws curtain across window*) Oh, I hope he's lost! As though anybody could ever think of marrying Potts! Ugh! It gives me goose-flesh! (XES *to fireplace and extends hands toward blaze.* SHADWELL, *near fireplace, looks at her hands*) Imagine going through life and being introduced as Plan-taj-é-net Potts! (*Laughing*)

ENTER MARCIA D. L. SHADWELL *and* MOLLY *do not see her. She pauses a moment, then advances noiselessly* UP L. *and* GOES *behind screen.*

SHADWELL (*laughing*). Or Mrs. Planty Potts! (*Looking at ring on* MOLLY'S *finger*) What a handsome ring! Was it a present?

MOLLY. Of course—could I ever afford to buy such a ring?

SHADWELL. Will you think me rude if I ask you—who gave it you?

MOLLY. Oh—Captain—now how can I answer that? (*Laughing coquettishly, as she* XES *slowly toward* C.)

SHADWELL (*following her; earnestly*). Molly, be serious, I beg—tell me the truth—are you engaged? Is there anything between you and—Ted Luttrell?

MOLLY. Well, if I must confess it, there is.

SHADWELL. As I feared! it is true ——

MOLLY. Quite true—there is a great deal of space between us—more than there is—between—you and me! (*Eyeing him coquettishly*)

SHADWELL (*advancing to her*). How you love to torture me! If I only dared believe that I could come between you and—all the world!

MOLLY (*quoting*).

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

SHADWELL. I fear nothing—except the thought of losing you. Whether I win or lose, I must speak now. (*Taking her hands*) What can I tell you that you do not already know? I love you—Molly, I love you ——

MOLLY. Philip—I forbid you!

SHADWELL. Forbid!

MOLLY (*drawing away her hands*). You must not speak like that—I was only jesting.

SHADWELL. Jesting—you think you can play with me as you play with Luttrell —— (*Grasping her hands*)

ENTER D. C. LUTTRELL. *Throws open the curtains at* C. *window and* GOES DOWN R. *to* C.

LUTTRELL. Release that lady's hands instantly!

MOLLY (*advancing between them*). Stop—not another word—I forbid it. Captain Shadwell, will you go?

SHADWELL. I object to being dismissed in this curt manner—I have a right to expect ——

MOLLY (*quickly*). Nothing—from me ——

SHADWELL. I understand. (*Bowing to her*) I beg your pardon. (*To* LUTTRELL) We cannot quarrel in the presence of this lady—but if you think you have any grievance to settle with me, I will be happy to discuss it with you whenever you are ready. (*Bowing*)

LUTTRELL. I'll kill you!

SHADWELL. Perhaps you may try—but I shall endeavor to prevent you from succeeding. (XING *to* D. L.) Au revoir! [EXIT D. L.

MOLLY (*nervously*). Teddy ——

LUTTRELL (*sternly*). Let me look at you—let me see how brazenly you can carry out your deception to the end—the end, do you hear?

MOLLY. Of what am I accused?

LUTTRELL. Treachery! How innocent you look—yet in your heart you are laughing at me—you never loved me—I was mad to believe in you!

MOLLY. You are mad—if you accuse me of deception.

LUTTRELL. I am glad—that I have found you out ——

MOLLY. Found me out! Teddy ——

LUTTRELL. Do you deny that you have been flirting openly with Captain Shadwell?

MOLLY. I do not deny it, but I deny that I was ever false to you, in thought or word!

LUTTRELL. You expect me to believe that?

MOLLY. It's the truth! (*Advancing a step to him*)

LUTTRELL. I refuse to believe it—I am sick of being tortured. You may marry Captain Shadwell or any one you please—I am done with you! (*A step to* R.)

MOLLY (*near* L. *of table, after brief pause*). Do you—do you mean that—our engagement—is ended ——

LUTTRELL. Ended—forever.

MOLLY. You won't—believe me?

LUTTRELL. No.

MOLLY (*slowly draws off ring and advances to table; tearfully*). Ended—forever. Here—is—your—ring. (*Lays it on table*)

LUTTRELL (*in low tone*). You may keep it.

MOLLY (*moving the ring toward him*). It would hurt me—after what you said. (*Turning* UP C.) Perhaps when you look at it, you may think of me—a little ——

LUTTRELL (*wrathfully*). I do not wish to think of you again! (*Snatches up ring and throws it into the fireplace*) Never! (GOES UP R.)

MOLLY (*sharp outcry*). Oh, what have you done! (*Quickly* XES *to fireplace*) You have destroyed it—you have burned my ring—my ring! (*Kneeling in front of fire, weeping violently*)

LUTTRELL (*near her, bitterly*). You weep for this ornament—for its glitter—as false as your eyes, your promises ——

MOLLY. Oh, do not speak to me—you have said enough—go—leave me! (*Standing near fireplace, weeping*)

LUTTRELL (*drawing back*). I will—you—heartless, treacherous girl! [EXIT *quickly* C. *window*

MOLLY. My ring! My pretty ring! Oh, Teddy!

If only you had not been so cruel! (*Kneeling in front of fire*) Perhaps if I could save it and show it to him, he might believe me! (*Takes poker and rakes in coals for ring*) There it is! My pretty ring! Oh, Teddy! How could you! (*Draws ring from fire, looks at it*) Oh, it's all black—it's ruined—like my life! Teddy! Teddy! (*Weeping, sinks into chair at fireplace*)

ENTER SHADWELL D. L.

SHADWELL (*advancing quickly*). Molly —— (MOLLY *turns to him indignantly*) What has distressed you?

MOLLY (*indignantly*). You have—you are the cause of all my misery. (*Rising*)

SHADWELL. I would rather die than cause you unhappiness.

MOLLY (*wrathfully*). I wish you would! I hate you!

SHADWELL. Molly—be careful!

MOLLY. I do—I do—I do—you have driven him away—we are separated forever.

SHADWELL. Are you alluding to Luttrell?

MOLLY. Yes, I am.

SHADWELL. You weep for a man who has flung you aside, who, for a mere suspicion, in a jealous fit of rage, renounces you—while I—for your slightest wish, I would risk life!

MOLLY. I do not want your life—I despise you! He was right. He thought me false—I have not been fair to him, and now it is too late to tell him.

SHADWELL. Tell him what?

MOLLY. Tell him I love him—I do love him, and I am not ashamed to say it!

SHADWELL (*sarcastically*). It is a pity that such love as yours should have met with such a poor return.

MOLLY. *You* are incapable of judging him! He is all that is true and noble, while you—you are a coward!

SHADWELL. You shall have cause to repent those words!

ENTER D. R. SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WM. Well, my young friends, is dinner ready? (*Advancing*) Have I kept you waiting? (*Glances at* SHADWELL, *who is frowning and does not reply. Then he looks at* MOLLY R. *She is wiping the tears from her eyes*) What's all this? Molly in tears? What does this mean? (MARCIA *steps quickly forward from behind screen* L. C.)

MARCIA. I will tell you!

MOLLY (*in surprise*). Marcia!

MARCIA. Sir William shall know what kind of a woman you really are! (*Glaring at* MOLLY)

SIR WM. (*sternly*). Marcia!

MARCIA. It is true, Sir William—you have been imposed upon—by this girl, who will bring disgrace upon herself and shame to you.

SIR WM. Shame to me—how so?

MARCIA. By her scandalous conduct with Captain Shadwell and Mr. Luttrell!

SIR WM. (*sternly, astonished*). Molly!—can I believe my own ears!

MOLLY (XES *to* SIR WM.). Every word is false, grandfather. I care nothing for Captain Shadwell, and my engagement to—to Mr. Luttrell—is—broken. (*Tearfully*) See, there is my ring—(*Showing it*) all that is left of it, and my hopes. (*Looking at* SHADWELL) Captain Shadwell can tell you that I speak the truth!

SIR WM. (*to* SHADWELL). Philip, can you exonerate Molly from this charge of dishonorable conduct?

SHADWELL (*down* R.). I should be only too happy were it in my power to do so. Unfortunately, Miss Masserene is not so faultless as she wishes to appear.

MOLLY (*indignantly*). Oh! You know I refused you!

SHADWELL. To my everlasting regret. But you cannot deny that you accepted my attentions, and encouraged me to the length where I had a right to believe that you cared for me?

MOLLY. Grandfather, it's not true ——

MARCIA (L. C.). It is true! And all the time you were engaged to Mr. Luttrell!

SIR WM. (*seriously*). Eleanor, these charges are very serious—I will not tolerate a scandal under my roof! Is there any truth in what they say?

MOLLY. It is true that I was engaged to Ted, it is also true that Captain Shadwell declared his love for me—even after he saw this ring on my finger! And it is true that I told him I despised him! Marcia heard all this!

MARCIA. I?

MOLLY. "Hiding and listening to conversations that are not meant to be overheard is not a strictly honorable amusement!"

SHADWELL. Bravo! Miss Masserene, I congratulate you; you are an excellent actress; you will undoubtedly make a great success upon the professional stage—if you ever reach it.

SIR WM. (*in rage*). Silence, sir! Do not mention the stage in my hearing! My granddaughter will never go upon the stage—she will remain with me! You, sir, leave my house, and take your cousin Marcia with you—you care nothing for me—neither of you—you want my money! But you shall not have it—not one farthing! To-morrow I will sign my will, and this is my heiress, Molly Bawn! (*An arm about* MOLLY)

MOLLY. Grandfather, do not excite yourself, it will make you ill ——

MARCIA. You mean to disinherit me?

SIR WM. I have already done so—I disown you—both of you!

MARCIA (*in rage*). This is your gratitude after my sacrifices—you tyrant—you madman! You crush me with a blow—you scatter my hopes like ashes in the wind—you promised me my reward—you have lied to me!

SIR WM. (*in great rage*). Stop her—out of my sight—go—you—you —— (*He pauses, overcome*)

MOLLY. Grandfather ——

SIR WM. Eleanor—my child—(*faintly*) my child——(*Falls heavily to floor*)

MOLLY (*in horror*). Oh, help, help me—— (*Kneeling beside* SIR WILLIAM)

MARCIA. I hate you—I curse you—I curse you both——!

ENTER ROBERT *quickly* D. R. *followed by* LADY CECIL.

MOLLY (*to* MARCIA). You have done this. (*To* SIR WILLIAM) Grandfather, speak to me—it is Eleanor—it is your own Molly Bawn—(*Placing hand over his heart*) Grandfather! (*She pauses a moment, then utters a cry of despair*) Oh! (*To* MARCIA) You have killed him! You murderess! (*Falling on knees beside* SIR WILLIAM, *weeping. The others regard* MARCIA *in horror and astonishment*)

MOLLY *and* SIR WILLIAM DOWN C. MARCIA L. *of* C. SHADWELL R. *of* C. ROBERT *and* LADY CECIL *above table* C.

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE.—*One month later. Scene the same as in* ACT III, *with the exception of a few slight changes in the arrangement of the furniture. The screen has been removed from* L. *The table from* C. *stands* L. C. *with chair* R. *of it. The divan now stands* L., *near flat. Tête-à-tête that was* DOWN R. C. *now faces the fireplace. Arm-chair back against* R. *flat. Single chair* DOWN R. *of* C. *Piano closed. Curtains on doors and window partly closed. DISCOVERED* POTTS *seated* DOWN R., *staring stolidly ahead, prim and motionless.*

ENTER SARAH O'DONNELL D. R.

SARAH (*observing* POTTS). Glory be! (*Advancing*) Faith, would it be aixin' too much of ye if I was to inquire your name?

POTTS (*staring at* SARAH). By Jove!

SARAH. By Jove, is it? I don't think much o' that for a name.

POTTS. You misunderstand.

SARAH. Did I aix your name?

POTTS. Yes, but ——

SARAH. And didn't you say "By Jove"?

POTTS. Yes, but that's not my name.

SARAH. Don't you know your name, little boy?

POTTS. Madam, I am a man, by Jove—a full grown man, and my name is Plantagenet Potts!

SARAH. Plantagenet Potts! Glory be to goodness! Will yez listen to that! Sure, I've heard tell o' yez before now, from Miss Molly herself, bless her heart!

POTTS. Miss Molly! You don't mean to say—that is—ah—you are ——

SARAH (*brusquely*). Spheak out—what's hinderin' ye? Have yez got the mumps?

POTTS. You misunderstand, my good woman. I called, that is, I just dropped in ——

SARAH. When no one was lookin'—faith, some folks is sint to jail for less nor that. (*To* L. C.)

POTTS (*rising*). I was very well acquainted with the late Sir William—such a shock!

SARAH. A shock is it! 'Pon me conscience, I'm that scart 'tis a wonder I'm not in a better world before now.

POTTS. Poor Sir William! such a dear old gentleman! So kindly, so amiable, so pleasantly, so—so ——

SARAH. Yis, yis—every one says so—now he's dead—but whin he was alive —— I'd hate to be afther repatin' the names they called him. (*To* L.)

POTTS (*advancing to* C.). I came to see one of the ladies.

SARAH. There's only one in the house, and you're lookin' at her with your two eyes.

POTTS. You are—Miss ——

SARAH (*courtesy*). Sarah O'Donnell, of County Darragh—did yez ever hear tell of it, Mr. Motts?

POTTS. Potts—Potts, my dear Miss O'Donnell.

SARAH. Mr. Potts—or kittles—what kind of a name is that to have anyhow?

POTTS. I understand Sir William left most of his fortune to Miss Masserene? (C.)

SARAH. Then yez understand more than any one else—though 'tis no more than he should do, seein' how he treated her poor mother, who was his own daughter, and the finest lady that ever walked on two feet! (*Sharply*) Faith, I know what I'm talkin' about—didn't I raise Miss Molly from a wee bit of a baby, no higher than me thumb nail—an' many's the night I walked the floor with her—ah, she'd a foine pair of lungs for screechin'! And when the poor young Missus died, wasn't I there to close her sweet eyes, and fold her poor thin hands —— (*Wiping her eyes on her apron*)

POTTS. It is most distressing, Miss O'Donnell—I am sure Miss Molly deserves to inherit her grandfather's money.

SARAH. She do deserve it.

POTTS. And I hope she will not be disappointed.

SARAH. There's no tellin'—the old gentleman was that—that—what's this they're afther callin' it?

POTTS. Eccentric?

SARAH. The very word—sure it stuck in me throat. But if he's gone and forgotten Miss Molly, bad luck to him! I'll plant onions on his grave! And there's no worse luck than that I could be afther doin' him! There's no chance of his goin' to heaven at all, at all, with the smell of onions hangin' to his coat tails!

POTTS. I sincerely hope your worst fears will not be realized. (*Bows to her*)

SARAH. You're a nice little boy to be talkin' so smooth for the benefit of the wee lamb. (*Advancing to him*) Have yez any intintion back of it?

POTTS. Intention?

SARAH. Intintion. Is that too big a word for yez?

POTTS. By Jove! (DOWN R. C.) I don't comprehend!

SARAH (XING *to* C.). You don't comprehend! Well thin I'll be afther tellin' yez in plain Irish. If you're thinkin' of makin' love to Miss Molly for the sake of the money—if she gets it—I'll boost yez through the windy, as sure as me name's O'Donnell!

POTTS. By Jove! That would be a shock! My dear lady ——

SARAH. I'm not your dear lady—I'm not relation to yez at all, at all—faith I'm glad to say it. Now will yez have a glass of milk and a piece of bread and sugar, or what do yez want here anyway?

POTTS. I called to pay my respects to Miss Masserene, if she is not engaged?

SARAH. It's none of your business whether she's engaged or not—the impudence! Do you think she'd be afther tellin' you what's nobody's business, savin' her own?

POTTS. May I *speak* to her?

SARAH. I have me doubts! She's not doin' much talkin' since Sir William died—if you're a mind to sit here, I'll aix her. (*Turning* UP *to* D. R.) And if I'm

not back inside of three hours, yez can find your way out without a lantern, Mr. *Lotts* ——

POTTS. Potts—Potts—Planty Potts!

SARAH. Planty Potts! Heaven forgive your mother for bestowin' such a name on yez! Ain't it killin'!

[EXIT D. R.

POTTS (DOWN C.). By Jove!

ENTER D. L. MARCIA.

POTTS (*observing her*). Ah!

MARCIA (*advancing*). Mr. Potts.

POTTS. My deepest sympathy, dear Miss Amherst—by Jove! Wasn't it awful!

MARCIA. You mean Sir William's death? (XING *to* R. C.)

POTTS (L. C.). Yes—so unexpected.

MARCIA. Yes—it came as a great sorrow to me—poor dear grandfather—I cannot realize that he is gone from us forever! How I miss his gentle face, his dear voice! I am not of a demonstrative nature, which makes me seem unfeeling, but I keep my grief buried in my heart, where no one can read it.

POTTS. That's just like me! I am so tender-hearted—sometimes I—I cry about—nothing! (*Whimpering*) By Jove! I do! really!

MARCIA. Sit down, Mr. Potts. (*Sits* R. C.)

POTTS. Thank you so much. (*Sits* L. C.)

MARCIA. I suppose you know that we are to hear the reading of Sir William's will to-day?

POTTS (*quickly, rising*). No!

MARCIA. Yes.

POTTS. Oh!

MARCIA. Sit down.

POTTS. Thanks awfully! (*Resuming seat*)

MARCIA. You were a great favorite with Sir William.

POTTS (*surprised*). Was I?

MARCIA. He often spoke of you—I would not be surprised if he has left you a memento of his esteem.

POTTS (*quickly*). I hope so—(*Correcting*) I mean, I should be very grateful, by Jove!

MARCIA. The bulk of the fortune, including this house, must of necessity be divided between Captain Shadwell and myself.

POTTS. Indeed?

MARCIA. We are the only heirs.

POTTS. Indeed?

MARCIA. The will was made some time ago, in our favor.

POTTS. Indeed?

MARCIA. And Sir William loved Philip and me very dearly.

POTTS. Indeed?

MARCIA (*rising*). Will you remain for the reading?

POTTS. If I may.

MARCIA. You may. *I* am mistress in this house.

POTTS (*rising*). Then you think that—your cousin, Miss Masserene, has not been remembered by Sir William?

MARCIA (*icily*). The person to whom you refer will inherit nothing. (XING *to fireplace*) Before he died, Sir William was fully aware of her real character, her sinister motive in coming here, pretending great affection for him. She has continued to remain under this roof contrary to my wishes—brazen creature! But to-day she must go, in bitter disappointment and humiliation.

POTTS. Dear me! How very painful!

MARCIA. In the long run, deceit does not pay.

ENTER D. R. SARAH.

POTTS. And I thought her so charming! What a shock!

SARAH. Mr. Potts, would it be too much of a shock if I was to tell yez that Miss Molly will see yez on the verandah!

POTTS. By Jove! (*Turning* UP *toward* R.) It would be very delightful.

SARAH. Follow your nose an' turn to the right—then turn to the left, and there yez are!

POTTS. Thanks awfully, Miss O'Murphy.

[EXIT D. R.

SARAH (*glaring at* MARCIA. *Aside*). Ah, bad luck to that one! She's a divil if ever there was one in skirts.

[EXIT R., *after* POTTS

ENTER SHADWELL D. L., MARCIA *facing him.*

MARCIA (*surprised*). Philip! I did not expect to see you here!

SHADWELL. I did not come of my own free will; this unpleasant business made it compulsory.

MARCIA. Won't you shake hands with me? (*Advancing, offering her hand*)

SHADWELL. It would be an act of hypocrisy for me to do so—if you will excuse me. (*Bowing, turning* DOWN L. C.)

MARCIA. Was it not hypocrisy when you permitted Sir William to believe that Molly was guilty of dishonorable conduct?—or have you another word, more agreeable to your conscience?

SHADWELL. I had my own score to settle with Molly! I had no thought of your grievance in settling that score.

MARCIA. I know that you have ceased to care for me—I stood behind the screen and heard you declare your love for her—just as she had once stood there and heard me say ——

SHADWELL. That you wished Sir William dead! That you would not hesitate to hasten his end—you have your wish—more, you are responsible for his death!

MARCIA (*strongly*). Philip! how dare you say that?

SHADWELL. You knew his feeble condition—you knew rage and excitement would seriously affect his heart—you deliberately worked him to a frenzy, hoping for a fatal result—you killed him—as much as though you had shot him through the heart!

MARCIA. Oh! Philip! Philip! (*Sinking on her knees beside him*) Spare me! Pity me! I wanted the

money, for you—not for myself—I knew he contemplated changing his will, and we would be left penniless. All I did was for your sake—— (*Rising*) You must stand by me!

SHADWELL (XING *to* R. C.). I have already told you, I am done with you. I do not know who will get the money, but I hope it will be Molly Masserene!

MARCIA (*bitterly*). And if it is, you will try to marry her!

SHADWELL. I certainly will!

MARCIA. You will not get your wish—you traitor! Sir William died before he signed a new will! What I did was for your sake—whether you acknowledge it or not—it was for love of you! If you want to see me punished for loving you, so be it! But you can never have a peaceful mind, knowing that what has happened was for your sake!

SHADWELL. You better keep your priceless affection for some one else. I shall never be more to you than I am now—and that is—nothing.

[EXIT *through* C. *window*

MARCIA. Nothing! And I have sacrificed all! (*Turning to* D. L.) Is there anywhere in all this world a heart more desolate, more crushed than mine! For nothing! [EXIT D. L.

ENTER D. R. SARAH, *followed by* LUTTRELL.

SARAH. Come in—whist a cushla—glory be! You're a sight for the saints! Not a word above a whisper—it'll be the grandest surprise since me great grandfather took the measles! (*Cautiously closes* D. R., *advancing* DOWN R. C. LUTTRELL *advances* DOWN L. C.)

LUTTRELL (*his manner subdued*). Thank you, Sarah, for your warm welcome. But if the truth must be known, I am very sorry I had to come here.

SARAH. Sorry, is it?

LUTTRELL. Mr. Blake notified me that he particularly desired me to be present to-day, in fact, he insisted upon it. That is my only reason for coming.

SARAH. Faith, you ought to be ashamed to say it. The ongratitude! The loikes o' yez puttin' on airs! Sure, you don't deserve to be let inside the door!

LUTTRELL. I don't pretend to deserve anything, Sarah, except disappointment, and—(*Bitterly*) I have had plenty of that.

SARAH. Arrah, whose fault is it but your own and your bad timper! Ah ha, if I'd 'a' had the bringin' up o' yez, I'd 'a' walloped yez! Look at Miss Molly ——

LUTTRELL. Yes, you brought her up ——

SARAH. I did, and ain't she a credit to me! the sweet bairn! She has no more timper than a sick cat! (LUTTRELL XES *to* L.) She's that good-natured it makes me mad! Many's the time I've said to her, "Why don't yez have some spirit?" but she only laughs at me! (*Mysteriously to* R.) Poor child! I don't think I've heard her laugh these four weeks—she's no more like the same Molly than if she was some one else. (*Sits* R. C.)

LUTTRELL. It is quite natural that she should feel greatly distressed over Sir William's death, coming so suddenly. (*Picking up magazine from table*) It is fortunate she had a *friend* to comfort her.

SARAH. That she had, poor dear, and it's meself come all the way from Rosedale, the minute she sent for me.

LUTTRELL. I didn't mean you.

SARAH. Ye didn't? (*Rising*) I'm the only friend she has in this house.

LUTTRELL (*advancing a step*). Isn't Captain Shadwell here?

SARAH. Bad cess to him! the slathereene! I'd like to throttle him with me two fists! He's tormentin' the poor darlin' out of her sinses, and if I was her, I'd take the broom-stick to him.

LUTTRELL. What do you mean, Sarah?

SARAH. I mean this—ain't he always squintin' at her, an' winkin' his two bold black eyes, an' thryin' to make love to her—an' she hatin' him, worse than the divil hates the Bible!

LUTTRELL (*in amazement*). Hates him!

SARAH. Of course she do! Could she be afther lovin' two men at the same time? An' ain't she afther lovin' one till she's most kilt!

LUTTRELL (*turning back to* L. *disconsolately*). I see—then she does love some one? (*His back to* SARAH)

SARAH (*slyly*). Yis—and do yez want to know who it is?

LUTTRELL (*quickly*). No—never mind.

SARAH. I'll tell yez anyhow, it'll do yez good to hear it—she's afther lovin' a fool—a loony—one of thim kind of min that don't know a prize when it's his! What do ye think o' that!

LUTTRELL (*sighing heavily*). I have no right to express any opinion regarding Miss Masserene's affairs. I suppose we cannot avoid meeting, but I assure her, through you, that I will not speak to her, nor distress her in any way.

SARAH. That's a foine speech—may yez choke before yez think of another loike it!

LUTTRELL (*turns sharply toward* SARAH). What!

SARAH (UP *to* D. R.). If I had your brains, I'd want to sell myself to the British army for a first class target! Oh, but yer thick—askin' yer pardon for speakin' the truth! (LUTTRELL *stands* DOWN L. C. *near table, sighing heavily as* SARAH EXITS) [EXIT SARAH D. R.

ENTER MOLLY C. *window, not immediately observing* LUTTRELL. *She has an open letter in her hand.*

MOLLY (*slowly advancing to fireplace, reading letter*). Dear John! He is so eager for me to return to Rosedale! He shall not be kept waiting much longer!

LUTTRELL (*turning toward her*). I beg your pardon ——

MOLLY. Oh! (*With a sharp start, facing him*) Oh! Teddy! (*Advances joyously, then pauses abruptly, as* LUTTRELL *regards her coldly*) Mr. Luttrell ——

LUTTRELL (*bowing frigidly*). Miss Masserene. I am very sorry if I appear to intrude, but I came at Mr. Blake's request.

MOLLY. Mr. Blake will be here in a few moments. Won't you sit down?

LUTTRELL. Perhaps I better wait outside until Mr. Blake comes in.

MOLLY. Oh, no—this room is quite large enough—I am sure we will not crowd each other. (DOWN *to extreme* R.)

LUTTRELL. Thank you. (DOWN *to extreme* L.)

MOLLY. Beautiful weather.

LUTTRELL. Delightfully cool!

MOLLY. Is your health good?

LUTTRELL. Perfect.

MOLLY. S-o?

LUTTRELL. How is your health?

MOLLY. I have been ill ——

LUTTRELL (*quickly*). Ill — (*Advancing apprehensively*) Molly ——

MOLLY. Mr. Luttrell ——

LUTTRELL (*pausing* C.). Miss Masserene. I am very sorry to hear it ——

MOLLY. Yes, I might have died, only—I didn't.

LUTTRELL. Have you quite recovered?

MOLLY. No—sometimes I feel as though I am not long for this wicked world! (*Sighing, as she advances a step*)

LUTTRELL. Molly—my dear Molly —— (*Advancing*)

MOLLY. Sir!

LUTTRELL. Oh, what is the use of acting like a fool?

MOLLY. I suppose some people can't help it.

LUTTRELL. I couldn't keep away from you—Mr. Blake did not ask me to come down here at all—I made it all up—I was mad to see you, so—I—lied!

MOLLY. Oh, Teddy! (*In mock horror*) That's an awful sin!

LUTTRELL. You are my confessor, so you will have to give me a penance and grant me forgiveness.

MOLLY (*extending her hand*). Oh, Teddy, I've had so much trouble—I feel as though I were a hundred years old and without a friend in the world!

LUTTRELL. If only you had sent for me!

MOLLY. Would you have come?

LUTTRELL. Would I have come! Ask a drowning man if he will catch a rope!

MOLLY. But you are so wicked, Teddy! It is very hard to be good friends with you when you are always quarreling with me, and running away.

LUTTRELL. Suppose I promise never to quarrel with you again, and never to run away? What would you say?

MOLLY. I'd say —— Oh, I don't think I'd say anything but—Teddy! (*Throws arms about his neck. Loud rap is heard outside* D. R. MOLLY *and* LUTTRELL *separate,* MOLLY *to* L., LUTTRELL R., *both standing primly. The rap is repeated*) Come in!

ENTER SARAH D. R.

SARAH (*glancing from one to the other suspiciously*). Mr. Blake.

MOLLY. Ask Mr. Blake to come in.

SARAH (*off* D. R.). Come in, Mr. Blake.

ENTER MR. BLAKE D. R., *carrying documents.*

MOLLY (*advancing*). How do you do, Mr. Blake?

BLAKE (*advancing*). My dear Miss Masserene.

MOLLY. This is Mr. Luttrell—a friend—of the family.

ENTER D. R. SHADWELL, D. L. MARCIA, C. *window* POTTS. MOLLY XES *to* L. *of table.*

SARAH. Will yez all sit down without askin'?

BLAKE. I will stand, thank you.

SARAH. Suit yourself. (LUTTRELL R. C. SHADWELL *at fireplace.* MARCIA UP L. *of* C. POTTS UP *at back.* SARAH *near* D. R. MOLLY DOWN L. C. BLAKE C.)

BLAKE. My dear friends, if there is no objection, I will proceed with the reading of the last will of our late relative and friend, Sir William Amherst, who departed this life, with great suddenness, only four weeks ago. (*Opens will, reads*) "The last will and testament of Sir William Amherst, baronet. I, Sir William Amherst, of

Herst-Royal, being of sound mind and in possession of my will and all my faculties, do hereby proclaim this my last and only lawful testament. And I direct that it be administered accordingly. To Lady Cecil Stafford in memory of our old friendship, I leave the sum of two thousand pounds."

SHADWELL. Lady Cecil! Indeed.

BLAKE (*continuing*). "To the only son of my good friend, John Blake, two thousand pounds."

MOLLY. Your little boy. I am so glad.

BLAKE (*continuing*). "To each and every one of my servants, the sum of one thousand pounds and one year's wages, except to Robert Garvice, my loyal, faithful servant, I leave the sum of two thousand pounds and five years' wages."

MARCIA (*impatiently*). Go on, sir, if you please.

BLAKE (*continuing, after pause*). "All the rest of the property, of which I die possessed, all the houses, lands, money and personal effects, I give and bequeath to—my beloved grandchild, Eleanor Masserene!"

MARCIA. Oh! (*Staggering with amazement and rage*)

MOLLY (*amazed, rising*). Grandfather has left me—all this—to me?

BLAKE. All to you, Miss Masserene.

MOLLY. There must be some mistake.

BLAKE. There is no mistake.

MARCIA (*advancing in rage*). It is false—it is the will of an imbecile—a madman! It shall not be!

BLAKE (*sternly*). Pardon me, Miss Amherst—you will find it very unwise to attempt a contest. To dispute this will would be madness indeed; my old friend, your grandfather, died in perfect possession of his senses.

MARCIA. It's a lie—I'll not believe it. The signature is false!

BLAKE. Look at it! (MARCIA *quickly advances and looks at will*) You have often seen him sign his name ——

MARCIA. Yes—but I tell you he died before this will was prepared for him to sign!

BLAKE. You are mistaken; the very day he died, I came here by appointment with this will ready, as you see it. I sent him a letter to that effect ——

MARCIA (*sharply*). A letter ——

BLAKE. Which he told me he had not received.

MARCIA. Oh! And knowing this, you deceived me—you let me continue to think that I would be the mistress of Herst-Royal!

BLAKE. I may not be a gentleman in your estimation, but at least I am honorable enough to respect the confidence of my clients.

MARCIA. It was a mean revenge! (*To* BLAKE) I detest you—(*To all*) all of you —— (*To* MOLLY) It is worthy of you—you schemer—you outcast nobody—I wish you happiness with your ill-gotten wealth!

[EXIT *wrathfully* D. L.

SHADWELL (XING *to* MOLLY). Permit me to congratulate you. It is only natural that you should inherit. We might have known that even Sir William's worn and stony heart would not be proof against your grace and charm! (*Bows and turns* UP L. LUTTRELL XES *to fireplace and sits*)

BLAKE. My dear Miss Masserene ——

MOLLY (*advancing to him*). Oh, Mr. Blake—it is too much, I cannot accept it.

SARAH. Glory be, me tongue is fast to the roof of me mouth with the news!

MOLLY. We must give something to Marcia and Philip ——

SARAH. Give thim something is it! It's not so much as a pleasant look I'd be afther givin' thim—the brace of divils!

POTTS. By Jove! (*Advancing*) What a shock!

SARAH (*to* POTTS). Go 'long wid your shock!

POTTS. I think I will —— (XING *to* D. L.)

SHADWELL. Come and have a brandy and soda.

POTTS. I think I will —— (XING *to* D. L.) Although it never agrees with me.

SHADWELL. Come, Mr. Blake, will you join us?

BLAKE. Presently. [EXIT SHADWELL *and* POTTS D. L.

MOLLY. It seems like a fairy tale ——

BLAKE (*to* MOLLY). A very real one, my dear little friend. I congratulate you with all my heart. (*Taking her hand*) I know how Sir William felt toward you, and I am glad he has made—atonement.

MOLLY. Thank you, thank you! (BLAKE EXITS D. L.) Oh, Sarah! I must have a good cry! (XES *to* SARAH, *about to bury her face on* SARAH'S *shoulder*)

SARAH (*retreating*). Not on me best black cashmere! Sure there's a manly bosom forninst ye if you're a mind to weep. (*Winking at* LUTTRELL, *then turning to* D. R.) Pon me conscience, 'tis the finest news I've heard since me grandmother's weddin'! [EXIT D. R.

LUTTRELL (*advancing, slowly*). Molly, I too must congratulate you—it is a splendid piece of good fortune—for you.

MOLLY. Teddy, how solemn you look—you look as though you were sorry.

LUTTRELL. Perhaps I am ——

MOLLY. Now what do you mean, you bad Teddy?

LUTTRELL. Mean? Doesn't it mean "Good-bye"?

MOLLY (*surprised*). Good-bye?

LUTTRELL. You are now a great heiress, while I am only a poor lieutenant in His Majesty's service—if I held you to your promise, it would look as though ——

MOLLY. Not another word, sir! What do you suppose it would look like to break our engagement? Do you think you will be allowed to jilt me? No, sir! I'll buy you, if you're not too expensive!

LUTTRELL. Molly, do you really mean that?

MOLLY. I do, and to prove it, look there. (*Shows ring on chain about her neck*) Your ring, which you treated so cruelly—in a new setting! Now, sir, put it on my finger! (LUTTRELL, *laughing, does so*) And say, "My own Molly Bawn."

LUTTRELL. My own Molly Bawn! (*Embrace*)

CURTAIN

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		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Arabian Nights	Farce	3	4	5	2¼h
Bundle of Matches (27c.)	Comedy	2	1	7	1½h
Crawford's Claim (27c.)	Drama	3	9	3	2¼h
Her Ladyship's Niece (27c.)	Comedy	4	4	4	1½h
Just for Fun (27c.)	"	3	2	4	2h
Men, Maids, Matchmakers	" (27c.)	3	4	4	2h
Our Boys	"	3	6	4	2h
Puzzled Detective	Farce	3	5	3	1h
Three Hats	"	3	5	4	2h
Timothy Delano's Courtship	Comedy	2	2	3	1h
Up-to-Date Anne	"	2	2	3	1h
White Shawl (27c.)	Farce	2	3	3	1½h
Fleeing Flyer	"	1	4	3	1¼h
From Punkin' Ridge	Drama	1	6	3	1¼h
Handy Solomon	Farce	1	2	2	20m
Hoosier School	"	1	5	5	30m
Kiss in the Dark	"	1	2	3	45m
Larry	"	1	4	4	45m
Love Birds' Matrimonial Agency	"	1	3	4	30m
Married Lovers	Comedy	1	2	4	45m
Ma's New Boarders (27c.)	Farce	1	4	4	30m
Mrs. Forester's Crusade	"	1	1	2	30m
New Pastor	Sketch	1	2	2	30m
Relations	Farce	1	3	1	20m
Standing Room Only	Comedy	1	3	1	35m
Stormy Night	"	1	3	1	40m
Surprises (27c.)	Farce	1	2	3	30m
Tangles (27c.)	"	1	4	2	30m
Little Rogue Next Door	"	1	2	3	40m
'Till Three P. M.	"	1	2	1	20m
Train to Mauro	"	1	2	1	15m
When Women Rule	"	1	2	4	15m
Won by a Kodak	Comedy	1	2	3	50m
April Fools	Farce	1	3	0	30m
Fun in a Schoolroom	"	1	4	0	40m
Little Red Mare	"	1	3	0	35m
Manager's Trials	"	1	9	0	45m
Medica	"	1	7	0	35m
Mischievous Bob	Comedy	1	6	0	40m
Cheerful Companion	Dialogue	1	0	2	25m
Dolly's Double	"	1	1	1	20m
Drifted Apart	"	1	1	1	30m
Gentle Touch	"	1	1	1	30m
John's Emmy	"	1	1	1	20m
Point of View	"	1	1	1	20m
Professor's Truant Glove	"	1	1	1	20m
Belles of Blackville	Minstrel	1	0	any no.	2h
Sweet Family (27c.)	Entertainment	1	0	8	1h
Conspirators (27c.)	Comedy	2	0	12	40m
A Day and a Night (27c.)	"	2	0	10	1h
Gertrude Mason, M.D. (27c.)	Farce	1	0	7	30m
In Other People's Shoes	Comedy	1	0	8	50m
Maidens All Forlorn (27c.)	"	3	0	6	1¼h
Mary Ann	"	1	0	5	30m
Romance of Phyllis (27c.)	"	3	0	4	1¼h
Fuss vs. Feathers	Mock Trial	1	4	4	30m
Tanglefoot vs. Peruna	" "	1	7	18	1½h
Great Libel Case	" "	1	21	0	2h

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		Acts	*Males*	*Females*	*Time*
Irish Eden	Comedy	3	8	6	2h
Kidnapped Freshman	Farce	3	12	4	2¼h
Matrimonial Tiff	Farce	1	2	1	1h
Little Savage	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Lodgers Taken In	"	3	6	4	2½h
Miss Mosher of Colorado	"	4	5	3	2h
Miss Neptune	"	2	3	8	1¼h
My Uncle from India	"	4	13	4	2½h
Never Again	Farce	3	7	5	2h
New England Folks	Drama	3	8	4	2¼h
Next Door	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
Oak Farm	Comedy	3	7	4	2½h
Riddles	"	3	3	3	1¼h
Rosebrook Farm	"	3	6	9	1¾h
Stubborn Motor Car	"	3	7	4	2½h
Too Many Husbands	Farce	2	8	4	2h
When a Man's Single	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Where the Lane Turned	"	4	7	5	2h
After the Honeymoon	Farce	1	2	3	50m
Biscuits and Bills	Comedy	1	3	1	1¼h
Chance at Midnight	Drama	1	2	1	25m
Conquest of Helen	Comedy	1	3	2	1h
The Coward	Drama	1	5	2	30m
Sheriff of Tuckahoe	Western Sk.	1	3	1	1h
Bashful Mr. Bobbs	Comedy	3	4	7	2½h
Whose Widow	"	1	5	4	50m
Alice's Blighted Profession	Sketch	1	0	8	50m
Regular Girls	Entertainment	1	0	any no.	1h
100% American	Comedy	1	0	15	1½h
Parlor Patriots	"	1	0	12	1h
Fads and Fancies	Sketch	1	0	17	1h
Mr. Loring's Aunts	Comedy	3	0	13	1¼h
My Son Arthur	"	1	2	8	¾h
Sewing Circle Meets	Entertainment	1	0	10	1¼h
Every Senior	Morality play	1	0	8	40m
Bride and Groom	Farce	3	5	5	2¼h
Last Chance	Comedy	2	2	12	1½h
Bubbles	"	3	4	3	1½h
Hurricane Wooing	"	3	4	3	1½h
Peggy's Predicament	"	1	0	5	½h
Found in a Closet	"	1	1	3	20m
Slacker (?) for the Cause	Sketch	1	3	1	20m
Baby Scott	Farce	3	5	4	2¼h
Billy's Bungalow	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
College Chums	"	3	9	3	2h
Delegates from Denver	Farce	2	3	10	¾h
Football Romance	Comedy	4	9	4	2½h
Held for Postage	Farce	2	4	3	1¼h
In the Absence of Susan	"	3	4	6	1½h
Transaction in Stocks	Comedy	1	4	1	45m
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party	Entertainment	1	5	11	2h
Bachelor Maids' Reunion	"	1	2	any no.	1½h
In the Ferry House	"	1	15	11	1½h
Rustic Minstrel Show	"	1	any no.	any no.	1½h
Ye Village Skewl of Long Ago	"	2	any no.	any no.	2h
Rainbow Kimona	"	2	0	9	1½h
Rosemary	Comedy	4	0	14	1½h
Pharaoh's Knob	"	1	1	12	1h